JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Contents

What is Your Number?

The World, The Flesh, and The Devil

John Bull's Biscuits.

The Woodpecker.

John Bull in the City.

More Clerical Blasphemy.

Among the Mummers.

John Bull's Post-cards.

The Cartoon.

Oaths.

The Hurly-Burly.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

I wish my Friend would Sin—Once.

Bull's Eyes.

Letter Bag. Racing Notes, etc.

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Cobalt and Its Story.
Discontent in Rhodesia.
The Victoria League.
The Great Hunger Trek.
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Vol. II. No. 55. Saturday, June 22nd, 1907. One Penny.

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors and others trouble and delay if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

As already announced, we have inaugurated a system, commencing with our last number, under which the cover of every copy of JOHN BULL bears a distinctive number.

Every week, commencing from July 13th (a short interval is necessary for trade purposes), we shall select ten of such numbers by ballot—in the presence of a notary or some other public official—and to the holder of each of such numbers we shall be prepared to pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our sales.

We have already pointed out that every reader has daily opportunities, without interference with his present occupation, of getting us new subscribers.

Our scheme is in no sense a lottery. The £5 is paid in return for a week's assistance. We prefer to have canvassers who are already readers of our journal, and consequently most likely to further its interests.

Any reader holding a successful number who may not be disposed to undertake the work, may pass his cover on to any deserving person with whom he is acquainted. The £5 will be paid to whoever brings or sends us the covers bearing the drawn numbers. It must be distinctly understood, however, that the decision of the Editor upon any question which may arise must be accepted as final, and further that NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERED INTO IN REGARD TO THE SCHEME—which is simplicity itself. You simply keep the covers of your copies and look out for the announcements of drawn numbers, which will appear weekly on and after July 20th. If your number is in the list, then send or bring your cover to our Publishing Office and receive the £5 in return for doing your best for one week to obtain us new readers.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Slowly the papers are recognising that Mr. Chamberlain, perhaps the best political fighter since Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt passed away, is very, very ill. Contrary to what even those who are in a position to know anticipated, Mr. Chamberlain has been taken to Highbury. "He walked with slow, tottering steps, supported by a footman," says the *Mail*, "while with his free hand he leaned heavily on a stick. After crossing the pavement he had to be assisted into the brougham." At Birmingham, "he unsuccessfully attempted to mount the step of the brougham, and finally he had to be practically lifted in by a footman." The details of these scenes are sad reading, but at least they tell the truth, for the truth is no longer to be disguised by the loving, if mistaken, efforts of Mr. Chamberlain's family to conceal it. Happily he is home at last. He has always been a provincial, Mr. Chamberlain, and it is in his home at Highbury where, it is said, he is seen at his best—a man of close friendships and still closer domestic sympathies and affections. He has always seemed so young that most of us have failed to recognise that he has passed his threescore years and ten. Even so, it appeared likely until a few months ago that he would have many more years of political life before him. In vigour of mind and body he gave promise of being another Gladstone, for at seventy Gladstone still had his youth. But his personal friends know that this has ceased to be even a hope and has become a dream. A miracle might bring Mr. Chamberlain to the House and the platform again, but, short of that, his work is done.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman now sees what over-caution and the instalment system are going to cost the Government. Mr. John Redmond has given the word for a new Irish campaign, and for the moment it looks as if we were about to return to the days of Parnell and Biggar. Already we have had the spectacle of an Irish member deliberately blocking business "for the mere fun of the thing"; and the word has gone forth that the Irish party shall vote against the third reading of Mr. Haldane's Army Bill. It goes without saying that all this delights the Opposition, and it also goes without saying that it may end in disaster for the Government. Despite their huge majority, it is conceivable that sooner or later the Nationalists and Socialists will join hands, and if you throw in a few "unattached" and discontented Radicals, Ministers will have nothing to spare, and must go out. The only thing which will prevent such a coalition is the unwillingness of the Socialists to precipitate a General Election. Ministers will have to be on their last legs before Mr. Keir Hardie and his merry men sacrifice themselves on the altar of Ireland. Self-preservation is the first law of Hardie.

But, even so, we cannot pretend that the position promises well for the future way of Ministers. If they have to face Irish opposition in addition to Tory opposition, obviously they will bite off a great deal

more than they can chew. Every Government massacres its innocents. A Government with the "greatest majority of modern times" ought to have few innocents to massacre, for if it were unanimous it ought to ride down roughshod the theory that it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose. But a Government is composed of individuals who must work together on the principle of give and take. In the case of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Ministry, it contains a large proportion of Whigs, and from what we gather they will do a great deal of the taking and very little of the giving. The penalty of quarrel is row and wreck; hence over-caution, timidity, and compromise to weakness; and hence Education Bills and Irish Bills which are in extremis before they are born. Before C.-B. can get on he will have to shed the Whigs. But shedding the Whigs means losing some of his "best" men. Meantime, Ireland will get no more from the Whigs than the Whigs have already offered, and "C.-B." is unable to give more because giving more would be at the price of smashing up the Cabinet. So the trouble has begun.

The Prime Minister has now fair warning of the fate in store for the Scottish Land Bill in the House of Lords. The English Land Bill will go through, more or less eviscerated; "but the Land Bill brought in by another member of the Government relating to Scotland," said Mr. Balfour the other evening, "is one for which I cannot feign any respect." That settles it. The Scotch Land Bill is going on the scrap heap. But let the Lords beware. A horrible, lingering fate is in store for them, and one even more lingering than horrible. The Prime Minister is about to move a resolution, and when it has been passed we understand the Government expects the whole country to rise in its might. But happy is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.

It is a curious fact that a Nationalist leader never risks a fall by introducing a Home Rule Bill of his own. Mr. Redmond, for instance, well knows what the Irish people want. Why, then, does he not introduce a Bill, as we suggested to him the other day, table it, and let the members have a go-as-you-please opportunity of expressing their opinion about it? This would be practical statesmanship, and it would also be good tactics. Parnell and Kitty O'Shea between them killed Gladstonian Home Rule; Mr. Redmond and the Nationalist Convention have killed Asquithian Home Rule. The dog in the manger is not a very profitable game to play in the field of practical politics, however, and the way of wisdom for Irish politicians seems to be to give evidence of their statesmanship by constructing a practical and practicable legislative scheme of their own. The Government would no doubt be glad that the responsibility had been taken off their hands. They would be compelled to leave their supporters to vote upon it as they pleased; and the result would be to get the Irish business into a form representing the irreducible minimum of the Irish idea. Then we should all be on firm ground. As it is, the Liberal M.P., like the coster in the classic song, "dunno where 'e are." And, in the words of another of the coster classics, he has "our sympaffy."

Sir Robert Bond has, more or less ungraciously, thrown over Lord Northcliffe, D.N. But Sir Robert evidently remains displeased. He talks airily of discourtesy shown to his Colony. This discourtesy, however, turns out to be merely an omission to include his long and complicated speech in the official précis. He is like those members of the theatrical profession who detect a gross libel in the use of small print for their names. At any rate, he has now made it clear that his grievance is merely a petty expression of personal vanity.

And so the conspiracy against Senr. Ferrer is ended, and this distinguished and brilliant man is once more free to continue his educational and literary work. Only those who have closely followed the inner history of the matter know how narrowly we have escaped a second Dreyfus case. But public opinion has been too strong for the clerics. We heartily congratulate Senr. Ferrer, and are delighted to know that we have been privileged to play a small part in bringing about his liberation.

There is sure to be a great outcry over the idea of reverting to sugar bounties. Interested monopolists in the West Indies will screech loud and long. But the fact remains that bounties are a free gift bestowed upon British consumers by foreign producers. And sugar consumers are surely more deserving of consideration than bloated capitalists, even though the latter continue to prate about a supposititious kinship. Cheap sugar is not merely a necessary to the poorest, but affords a vast opportunity of profitable employment in subsidiary industries. To object to bounties is no less absurd than to object to dumping.

As our readers know, we are not overburdened with enthusiasm for our Colonial brethren. That is to say, that whilst we entertain for them just that kind of regard which we extend towards our younger brothers and sisters, we do not look upon them in any spirit of fulsome pride or adulation. There are some things, however, which we may well learn from them. And one of them is in connection with our absurd and antiquated marriage laws—not only in the matter of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but equally with divorce. A Cape Town correspondent tells us that our Convict Divorce Bill meets with general favour out there, and he sends us the report of a recent case in which the Supreme Court, consisting of the Chief Justice and two other Judges, unanimously granted a decree of divorce to a woman whose husband had been sentenced to imprisonment for life—and this notwithstanding the fact that the offence was a political one, with every prospect of Crown clemency later on.

Mr. Gladstone declined the other day to institute an inquiry into microbes on tram tickets. Some people seem to have microbes on the brain. It is comforting to find that Mr. Gladstone is not one of them. The tram ticket microbe is the discovery of Dr. Busquet, who, having collected ten tickets, prepared cultures from them, and finally discovered that they contained staphylococci, streptococci, pneumococci, and other non-vertebrate animals. This is a sensational discovery, and we cannot understand what the *Lancet* has been doing to miss it. Perhaps the London County Council would like to introduce a Bill for the compulsory sterilisation of tickets, conductors, and passengers alike, then all will be well. In the meantime, they might affix a notice inside the cars: "Passengers are respectfully informed that tram tickets should not be eaten."

The practical working of the farcical Aliens Act has caused some extraordinary abrogations of commonsense. The case of the refusal of admission to this country of a poor girl who had come over to marry her comfortably-circumstanced sweetheart will be fresh in the minds of our readers. Another recent case was that of a man who was arrested for returning, after being deported, in order to prosecute an action launched prior to his deportation. The other day some extraordinary juggling occurred in order to get over the defects in the drafting of the Act. A German, charged with failing to comply with an expulsion order made upon his conviction for an offence, explained that he had made every preparation for leaving the country and had sent his goods over to Germany, but he thought there was no harm in waiting for his wife, who had been

sentenced with him and had only been released on the day of his arrest upon that particular charge. They were ready to sail upon that very night. Mr. Lane, the magistrate, reports the *Times*, "said that he did not suppose the Act intended that a deported alien should leave his wife behind. He should remand him now to appear on Monday, and if he did appear he would be punished." There was a pretty kettle of legal fish. A contumacious alien on the one hand and a fugitive from justice on the other! The law *is* "a hass."

There is at least one lady in Brentford who is sorry she hath her quiver full. "It's jolly hard lines," she complained to the magistrates the other day, "for a woman to be turned out of her house because she has fifteen children." But the law being the law, the sanitary authorities appear to have come to the conclusion that while two or three are no detriment, fifteen are a tremendous crush, and so sixteen of them have to turn out in a cold, unpitying world instanter. What should the lady do? Probably she cannot afford to rent a mansion, and the sanitary inspector will not let her set up a large tent in a field. If she takes a house big enough for six, and leaves the balance on the doorstep till they grow, she will be charged with neglect and cruelty to children, also for allowing them to assemble to create a nuisance. If she goes straightway and orders sixteen rooms in the workhouse, a poignant cry from the overburdened ratepayer will rend the air, and there will be such a to-do as never was, as the distracted wife said when the cat laid the kittens in her husband's Sunday hat. It seems to be a variation of the appalling tragedy of the old woman who lived in a shoe. To advise Mrs. Quiverful in the circumstances is difficult; but "necessity ain't partiklar," and the lady's best policy is to throw her children on the rates. Everything is thrown on the rates in these days, and she may as well throw fifteen children there as anything else.

We wonder whether there is truth in the following story: About fifty years ago, John Yuil Borland patented his great discovery of the Ring Spinning Frame, which during the last twenty years has revolutionised the spinning and weaving trades. He devoted his life and fortune to the perfection and development of this wonderful mechanism; and he was so engrossed in it that he neglected the necessary arrangements for successfully placing it on the market, so that when his patent lapsed in 1878 for want of funds, he died, broken-hearted. In the early eighties it was introduced into this country as an American invention, but no one (except Mr. Borland) has ever claimed the honour and glory of this English discovery. The machine has been exploited by makers and manufacturers without acknowledgment, national wealth has been vastly increased thereby, and improved conditions have been obtained by the operatives; yet no public recognition of his country's indebtedness to this great man has ever been made, and his patient labours and sacrifices brought no recompense whatever. Hargreaves, Kay, Crompton, Cartwright and other inventors got at least *post mortem* laurels; but even these have been denied our unfortunate hero. Hundreds of millions of pounds are invested in these machines, but Mr. Borland's septuagenarian widow has still to work hard at her great age to earn a scanty subsistence. Such, at any rate, is the story which reaches us. If the facts be as stated, they reveal a sad scandal.

Here is a passage from a recent law-suit:

"Do you consider your attachment honourable?—It was dishonourable, as she was a married woman.

"What made it dishonourable?—It is wrong to be fond of anybody who is married.

"The Judge: Can no one else be fond of her?—I should have thought not?"

This view of marriage opens out a gloomy, friendless prospect. We think the witness did protest too much.

Referring to the probability that Dom Miguel of Braganza may soon be called to the throne of Portugal, a contemporary says that his father "usurped the throne" from 1828 to 1834. As a matter of fact, the boot is on the other leg. The Portuguese succession was determined in 1143 by the Laws of Lamego, which provided that if a King had no son the Crown should pass to his daughter unless she married a foreigner, in which case it should pass to the next heir. In 1826 Dom Pedro, electing to rule Brazil, abdicated. But his daughter Maria married successively two foreigners, thereby losing the right to reign. The next heir, Dom Miguel, was accordingly proclaimed in 1828, but he was driven out by revolution in 1834, and died in 1866, when his son, the present claimant, succeeded to his rights. A Miguelist party has existed in Portugal ever since 1834, with committees and newspapers. It will be interesting to see the rightful King at last "enjoy his ain again."

The Liberals were wise not to take on Hornsey, though it is understood that Cap'n Tommy Bowles, Master Mariner, was ready and willing to place his services at the command of the local association, subject to their taking a certain share in the finances appertaining to the enterprise. But they knew better. It is just twenty years since we ourselves took on the job; and at the declaration of the poll we declared that "Hornsey is hopelessly Tory." All we got out of the contest was a service of plate and an "illuminated address"—and a flattering letter from the G.O.M. thanking us for bringing "One man, one vote," within the region of practical politics.

A man charged at Marylebone with attempted suicide will do well to move higher up if he thinks of repeating the offence. He shot himself in the breast, and the bullet went through his shoulder-blade, up through the ceiling, and then into the ceiling above. We think he has a legitimate grievance against the man who built the house.

In celebrating Empire Day, Ealing had what the *Express* calls "the privilege" of hearing the Hon. T. Bent, Premier of Victoria, make a speech. Here is a specimen of "Daisy" oratory:

> "Mr. Botha," he said, "came to England to shake hands with you. Yes, to shake hands with you over the graves of your dead relatives and friends. You cheered him and congratulated him. In my country, in Australia, we should not have shouted ourselves hoarse and fluttered white handkerchiefs at him. We remember things. Besides, we have a number of wooden legs, of armless men, and of sorrowing widows to keep us in remembrance. However, Mr. Botha has promised you certain things. I hope and trust he will keep those promises, and that you may find the Transvaal as good a friend to you in the future as Australia has been in the past, and is now."

If this attitude is symbolic of what Australia really thinks—and we doubt not that it is—well, "cutting the painter" ceases to alarm us.

Insurance companies are on the war-path endeavouring to make people bet that accidents will happen to servants. But the policies are very unfair in most cases, and there is likely to be considerable lamentation later on, as very few of us ever see a new policy before the contract is complete. We advise our readers to be careful not to buy pigs in pokes.

In connection with the unveiling of the statue to the Duke of Cambridge at Whitehall, it may be said that H.R.H.'s chief claims to be remembered are that he ran away in the Crimea and carried an umbrella at reviews. We regret that the sculptor has forgotten the umbrella.

In his speech on the Small Holdings Bill, Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt said he did not know whether the music-hall or

the evening paper had been the magnet to draw the countryman to the town. He need not have been in doubt. The countryman, yearning for the more elevating literature, comes for the evening paper, and is so drawn into the circle of its benign influence that he never wants to go back again. We know there are differences of opinion about the evening newspaper. Some people affect to think that it would not elevate a cow, but probably no one can read the advertisements and carefully examine the fine art without learning a great many things he never knew before. Besides, it has other uses, regarded as a material substance. "What's in the evening paper to-night?" asked the short-sighted husband of his better half. "Well," remarked the lady, "I hope by this time Jimmy's gotten the fish and taties in it, for I'm dying for summut to eat." Let us find a place for everything, and put everything in its place.

From time to time we have had a great deal to say on the congestion of business in the Law Courts. This is due to the circuit system, to excessive holidays, and to judges being drawn away from the Bench to perform extra-judicial duties as Government Commissioners, and so forth. Ministers have now intimated to the Lord Chief that they will be prepared to relieve the judges of circuit work by appointing Commissioners of Assize until the arrears of litigation are cleared off, but it may be doubted whether their lordships, being also human, will regard this philanthropic proposal to deprive them of their extra seven guineas a day with favour. On the contrary, indeed, they will probably think it equivalent to robbing a poor man of his beer. The plain, blunt truth is that the judges like circuit work, both for the handsome addition to their official salaries, and for the gorgeous flummery and mummery accompanying it. A judge on circuit is more splendid than a Lord Mayor. He rides about in a golden chariot attended by golden footmen with long sticks, and every morning the sacred Bench of Justice is atmospheric with the perfumes of Mrs. Somebody's bouquet, into which his lordship every now and again thrusts his judicial nose. Then there is a crowd to watch him go to church, and another crowd to watch him leave, with a lord-lieutenant on one side and a chaplain to say "Amen" on the other. This sort of thing may have been well enough a hundred years ago, but it is out of date now, and is not worth paying seven guineas per day per judge for, anyhow.

Adulteration is one thing, but milk-blended butter is another. For a long time there has been a dead-set in the trade against this product, for obvious reasons. But the trade is not the public, and milk-blended butter has become as popular among the poor as it is cheap and wholesome. There is no deception in the matter. The genuine tub butter is mixed with fresh milk, and it is then sold over the counter for what it professes to be at a price considerably cheaper than the more solid forms of the product. The other day a Government amendment to the Butter Bill, making the sale of milk-blended butter legal, was carried in the House of Commons—on small figures, it is true, but it was carried, nevertheless, and that is the main thing. If this had not been done, the sale would have been prohibited to the disadvantage of the poorer classes of the community.

Mr. Justice Bigham is maintaining his reputation. One of his most recent performances has been to sentence a lad of sixteen years to ten years' penal servitude for manslaughter—arising out of a brawl on the night of the English football final. We leave it to the learned people to reconcile this sentence with the fine of £50 imposed by him upon Mrs. Penrudducke for torturing her little child. We simply observe, with the Lancashire working man and the tea duty, that "it don't seem right to us."

What a wonderful thing is mental environment. We recently sent the reports of two speeches to certain readers. They related respectively to the Budget and Local Veto. And here are extracts from two letters we have received. "I have *waded through*" (note the phrase) "your speech on the drink question. It is quite empty, and is now nestling in the waste-paper basket. Was very pleased *to read*" (note the phrase again) "your Budget speech. I shall preserve it, and remember the force and courage of its convictions." And here is the explanation of these sentiments. "I am a thorough-going 'non-con.,' and although I don't relish all your darts, *I am broad-minded enough* to appreciate *about seventy-five per cent. of them.*" So much for our "broad-minded" and "thorough-going 'non-con.'"

And now for the other letter. "I have read your two speeches, and am particularly impressed with your arguments and facts about Local Veto. I like this speech much better than the Budget one. It rings more true—more like the real 'John Bull.' *I am a licensed victualler*, and I always enjoy your hits at the goody-goody 'non-cons.'" Now, who shall deny that both writers are simply the unconscious victims of environment? The truth is that the man with strong convictions is mentally incapable of taking a judicial view of anything. He approves or disapproves according to the standard of his own bias. He denies that there are two sides to his particular question, and he sincerely believes it. Poor chap.

We hear of some strange documents found amongst the papers of the late Mr. Whiteley. Perhaps some day somebody will publish some of them. Meantime, as in other cases, we take the legacies and "ask no questions."

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 295.

For stating that "he was no longer worthy of his wife, but hoped to redeem himself by prayer and penance," and then eloping with his ward,

THE REV. J. K. COOKE (of New York)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 296.

For attributing the entire value of a recent anti-alcohol manifesto to the fact that most of its signatories were not teetotalers,

MR. JOHN. T. RAE
(Secretary of the National Temperance League)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 297.

For saying that a Russian police officer, killed by a bomb in May, 1907, took part in a pogrom *in the year* 1605,

THE *LIVERPOOL DAILY POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 298.

For advertising spaniels at £3 10s. the pair or 30s. each,"

MR. EDWARDS (of Bedingham, Bungay)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 299.

For stating that he was in the habit of addressing Mrs. Bryce as "my darling," when he wrote to her, but not when they were "alone together,"

MR. PAPE (the co-respondent in the "Gaiety Girl Divorce" Case)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 300.

And for denying that he led an idle life, because "in 1905 he did six months' work,"

THE SAME GENTLEMAN
TAKES ANOTHER BISCUIT.

THE WOODPECKER.

BY A. G. GREENWOOD.

"Hilda," I exclaimed, "it *is* good to have you back."

I had made the remark about a dozen times before.

Hilda blushed and smiled.

"I'm glad to be back, too," she answered.

My cousin Hilda had been at a finishing school in Germany.

I moved my chair close to hers and put my feet on the fender where hers were toasting.

"We were great pals when you went away," I went on, looking at the curls by her ears.

"You were very kind," she replied.

"It wasn't kindness," I protested, "I loved being with you."

"I must have been rather boring," she said retrospectively, "most girls are at seventeen."

"You weren't," I answered, "you were a dear."

Hilda laughed again.

"Are we going to be good pals now?" I asked.

"Of course," she rejoined, "that is, if you want to be."

"I do," I said, earnestly.

Hilda's much prettier than Dolly Chatterton.

"I've got to dine at the Chattertons' to-morrow," I said.

Hilda glanced at me quickly.

"How's Dolly?"

"Oh," I answered airily, "she's all right, as 'pink and white' and as fluffy as ever."

I saw Hilda's smile and knew she was pleased.

"You used to be jealous of her," I said.

"*I*?" she echoed, "*I* jealous of *Dolly*! What nonsense!"

"You were," I persisted.

"How absurd," she retorted, "why should I be?"

"Because ——," I began, "well, because you liked me."

"I know I did, what of it?"

"And you thought I liked Dolly."

Hilda's "pooh!" annoyed me.

"It's true," I declared.

"Anyhow, I was only seventeen," she remarked, after a pause.

"Anyhow, you cared for me," I answered.

"Perhaps I *thought* I did," she admitted, cautiously.

"*I* care for *you*," I said, leaning over the arm of my chair.

"Thank you, cousin Jack," said Hilda, lightly.

"You haven't changed much," I continued, critically, "the same bright hair, the same blue eyes, the same little lips; how I used to love to ——"

"Don't be silly!" interrupted Hilda, hastily, and then she glanced round at the door.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, "expecting someone?"

Hilda didn't answer, so I went on.

"I'm not silly," I said, "it's true—all of it. I was ever so happy with you, and I've missed you every day."

It was almost true; one does miss Hilda awfully.

"Thank you, Jack," she said again.

"I shan't miss you now, shall I?" I said, "you'll come out with me and be with me as you used to, won't you?"

Hilda hesitated.

"Won't you?" I repeated.

"I can't so much," she began, "you see, I'm older, Jack, and mother wouldn't like ——"

"Wouldn't like you to go out with me?"

"Not so much," she answered.

"Why, we used to ——"

"But I was only seventeen and you were thirty, you seemed so much older; but now I'm twenty, and—well, you seem so much younger."

I smoothed my hair where it's getting thin.

"Anyhow, come out with me to-night," I begged, "come to a play."

Hilda hesitated before answering.

"*Do*," I said.

"I don't know if ——"

"For the sake of old times."

I put out my hand and touched hers.

"All right," she said.

I fetched a newspaper and read down the theatre advertisements.

Hilda chose one.

"I'll telephone for seats," I told her.

"Must we dine early?" she inquired.

"There's a curtain-raiser at eight-fifteen," I said, "'The Woodpecker,' but we needn't see that."

"Oh, yes," she cried, "let's see it all."

"Anyone can see you've been away," I replied, resignedly; "very well, then dinner at seven."

"What is a curtain-raiser?" she asked.

"A little piece in front," I said.

"What for?"

It stumped me.

"Just while people are settling down before the big piece starts."

There was silence a moment.

"We'll see it," said Hilda, getting up. "More tea?"

"No, thanks, I must get off and dress."

"And see about the seats," reminded Hilda.

I took her hand.

"I'm so glad to be going out with you again," I said, "dear little Hilda!"

I leant forward.

"Please don't," she said gently, and her face grew scarlet.

I had forgotten the three years, and I told her so.

"I'm sorry, dear," I said, "au revoir."

Hilda waved to me as I went off in my hansom.

"Dolly's got a better figure than Hilda—she's too slight, I reflected, but—it's good to have her back."

We saw "The Woodpecker" and Hilda was delighted.

"It was almost as good as 'A Clean Sweep'" (that was the second piece), she said as we drove home.

I didn't want to talk about the plays, so I captured a hand. Hilda made a movement to release it.

"Don't, dear," I said, "let me keep it, I haven't held it for so long."

Hilda looked troubled, and I saw her lips tremble.

I let go her hand.

"What's the matter, little girl?" I asked.

"Nothing," she told me, and looked out of the window.

We were silent most of the way home, and then I went in with Hilda to have a drink.

I mixed myself a whisky and soda while she sank into a chair.

Her eyes looked sad, and I felt vaguely troubled.

"Tell me, Hilda," I said, and sat on the arm of her chair.

"There's nothing to tell," she protested.

I put my glass down on the table.

"Hilda," I said, "you say your mother wouldn't like you to go about very much with me, but I've got a plan, and I want you to fall in with it, will you?"

She didn't answer me, and her eyes grew moist.

"Will you marry me? Dear, I love you—have loved you since you were a little girl—and now, when you've grown into the prettiest little woman in the world——"

What made me say that—about her being pretty—I don't know, and I suddenly remembered I had said it to Dolly only the night before.

Involuntarily I smiled.

"You're jesting," said Hilda, and I believe she looked relieved.

"I'm not," I protested, stoutly.

"I can't," she said.

"You won't, Hilda?"

"No."

It was such a bald answer. "Tell me why," I begged.

Hilda got up and walked to the fire-place.

"You used to like me," I went on, tapping a cigarette on my thumb-nail.

"Do you remember what you said about the first piece?" she said.

"No, why?"

"While people are settling down before the big piece starts."

I looked at her in astonishment.

"You're not ——," I began.

"I am," she answered, "it's a secret to all but you, Jack. I'm engaged to Captain Wellwood."

I reached for my drink and felt very foolish. Hilda handed me a light and I drew at my cigarette.

"Don't be angry with me," she pleaded.

I caught her eye, and somehow I didn't feel very angry.

She came and stood in front of me. Dolly certainly has a far better figure.

"Be a dear, cousin Jack," she said.

"How?"

"Don't tell mother."

"What?"

"That you—you proposed."

"I won't—I'm not proud of it."

She put her hands on my shoulders.

"Say you aren't hurt," she begged.

"I won't," I said again. "But you can give my regards to Wellwood."

I swallowed my drink and picked up my hat.

"Good-night, cousin Jack."

"Don't call me that," I answered, getting into the cab.

"What then?" she queried.

"The Woodpecker," I shouted, as we bowled away.

IN THE CITY.

NANTES BUTTER.

Attempts are being made to create interest in the shares of the Nantes Butter and Refrigerating Co., which we are told by one enthusiastic press supporter is to develop into a second "Maypole Dairy" success. The enterprise was floated in October last, and was at that time generally condemned, with the result that the underwriters were compelled to take up a number of the shares offered. Apparently the position is much the same as it was then. We do not believe that from eight months' work results have been achieved which justify the heavy capitalisation with which the company was burdened at the outset. It is asserted that its butter, which is merely collected from the French country farmers, who receive from 5d. to 10d. per lb. for their produce, is sold in Paris wholesale at 1s. 5½d. per lb. The duties which are levied by the municipality on country produce entering the city may account for some of this margin, and in any event the French farmer is not so foolish as to permit a big profit to accrue to a middleman when he has facilities by which he can place his goods direct on the market. The underwriters, who are so anxious to sell, have placed a premium of 5s. on the shares. They can, of course, make the price what they will, and there are always more willing buyers at a premium than a discount, but no justification has been offered for this valuation.

ECONOMY ON THE RAND.

The Rand magnates are very keen just now on reducing wasteful expenditure—a most commendable policy with which no long-suffering Kaffir shareholder will complain. Are efforts concentrated, however, in the right direction? Is there not as much room for economy in the board rooms as on the mines themselves? The Glynns Lydenburg accounts for the quarter ending with June show that the office expenses for the period were £830, or at the rate of £3,324 per annum, while the annual profit works out, after deducting Transvaal tax only, at about £37,500. The office thus absorbs nearly 10 per cent. of the total profits before deducting a penny for depreciation of property or plant. This is the position with a tolerably successful producing company under Wernher Beit control—the injustice is the more intolerable with companies which are still in the developing stage. The Vogel Deep, for instance, a small non-producing mine controlled by Messrs. Neumann, paid last year £3,753 for director's fees and office expenses, items which will absorb some £50,000 before crushings can commence, but which should cost as many hundreds. These are by no means the worst instances, but they serve to show why the Rand houses are so anxious to avoid shareholders' meetings in London. If some of the directors could be induced to meet those who should be their masters, the latter might be able to suggest some more satisfactory methods of introducing economies than by the reduction of the wages of the humbler white employees on the Rand.

COBALT PHILANTHROPY.

The Canada Consolidated is the latest Cobalt company in which the British investor is invited to acquire an interest. The property acquired may be very valuable, as it is well situated, and those associated with the company include very highly reputable Stock Exchange firms. Are they conversant with, and do they approve of, the methods which are being employed by the promoters to unload the shares? Several of our readers forward us cards which they have received, offering them "the privilege of purchasing shares at 22s. 6d., good until June 15," which "sold yesterday on the London Stock Exchange for special settlement at 26s. 6d." An extension of time is offered "until June 18 at 24s. 6d. per share." The Canadian syndicate which issues this circular to entire strangers states that it will not dispose of its own holdings short of £3 per share. Why, then, is it offering them at 22s. 6d.—especially when they are ostensibly quoted at 26s. 6d.? Philanthropy of this kind does not breed confidence.

THE NATIONAL MOTOR MAIL COACH CO., LTD.

With reference to our notice of this company in our issue of June 1, a correspondent writes:—

"You are usually so circumspect that I hesitate to charge you with misleading the general public, but I must seriously call your attention to your note in your issue of June 1 on 'The National Motor Mail Coach Company, Ltd.' You state: 'It looks promising,' and 'they have secured some valuable contracts from the P.M.G.' Correct, so far, but you overlook one very important point. The mail contracts are made for one year, then fresh tenders are issued. If the contractor for the time being wishes to hand over his business, naturally the P.M.G. does not want to have the bother of issuing fresh tenders for a few months' contract, and he is content, on reasonable evidence of the capabilities of the new owner of the business, to let him finish the existing contract. But the new owner must take his chance with other competitors in the course of a short time. The N.M.M.C. Co., Ltd., are by no means certain to secure next year's contract! Therefore, 'Mr. Bull,' I, in common with my colleagues, beg to assure you that the company is not putting the whole facts clearly before the public, and I trust you will advise your readers to 'go slow.'"

NEW ISSUE.

The prospectus of the BRITISH COALITE COMPANY, of which we have heard so much, shows the capital to be a couple of millions sterling, divided into 1,500,000 ordinary shares and 500,000 deferred ordinary shares of £1 each. The company purchases the patent rights for manufacturing and dealing in the United Kingdom, acquires freehold sites at Barking and Wednesfield, together with the coalite plant now in operation, and takes over a contract entered into with Messrs. William Cory and Son, Ltd., under which they agree for a period of twenty-one years to collect and sell the whole of the company's output in the Metropolitan and other areas, as defined in the contract, and to act as sole agents for the company. Out of the profits available for distribution in each year the ordinary shares will be entitled to a non-cumulative dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, and the surplus profits will be distributed equally between the deferred and ordinary shares. With the exception of £55,000 required for the payment of deposits and purchase of the freehold land at Barking, for expenses at Wednesfield, and for the payment of preliminary expenses, the whole of the purchase consideration is taken by the vendors in the deferred ordinary shares, and the proceeds of the issue will be employed for the completion of the purchase of the freehold properties, for the construction of coalite works at Barking and elsewhere, and for general working capital. The 1,500,000 ordinary shares are offered for subscription at par.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND CO.—By an unfortunate printer's error, the letter from this firm appearing in our last issue was dated 1900, instead of 1907.

BROCKIE, PELL ARC LAMP, LTD.—D. D. R. (Hackney Road).—We cannot advise you to put more money into this concern by applying for any portion of the £8,000 of 6 per cent. debentures about to be issued. The history of the company has been an unbroken record of unsuccessful trading, and we see nothing in the statements of the prospectus now sent out to suggest that if the £8,000 is subscribed it will bring dividends to shareholders. The report for 1906 has still to be issued, and there is not a word in the present prospectus to suggest that it will show an improved position. The directors give it as their opinion that there is "very ample margin of security" for the debenture issue. We entirely dissent.

ROYAL HUNGARIAN 20TH LOTTERY.—DIXON (Gloucester).—The lottery is "genuine" enough in a sense, but the prizes do not come this way.

BRITISH HOMES CORPORATION.—BUYER (Lewisham).—We note that you wish to purchase "several" of the certificates of this company "providing they are at least four years fully paid up." If any of our readers wish to dispose of their certificates, and will communicate with us, we will put them in touch with our correspondent.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—D. S. T. (Nottingham).—There is no difficulty in getting the assistance you require, but we should prefer another company to the one whose papers you send us—and which we return by post. There are several good building societies who would treat you well. Among the best may be mentioned the Perpetual, of New Bridge Street, E.C.

BUILDING SOCIETY.—H. E (Bristol).—The society you name, with its headquarters in Manchester, is sound.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—CONSTANT READER (West Hartlepool).—You do not say how long you have been paying upon your 20-year endowment policy, and our answer to your question as to whether you should continue paying the premiums or take a surrender value on your policy largely depends upon that. We need hardly say that if you were not already a policy-holder we should advise you to have nothing to do with this or any other American insurance company.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—S. A. (West Ealing).—Send us the particulars of your assurance. Meantime we suggest to you that the inquiries you put to us are a little belated.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY.—P. S. H. (Manchester).—We do not remember to have had the previous letter from you to which your present one refers. If you will send us a copy, and a copy of the advertisement to which it refers, we will deal with the matter.

THE SCOTTISH ACCIDENT, LIFE AND FIDELITY INSURANCE COMPANY.—WIDOW (Watford).—We cannot understand your statement. You say your husband was insured for £250 with this company, that he was found drowned on May 27 last, that the company has sent you 13s. 6d., and intimated that they consider that "the circumstances surrounding his death are not such as to warrant any payment by way of compensation." Was there evidence that your husband committed suicide? And why the 13s. 6d.? Send us all particulars.

TWO SOCIETIES.—BEAUMANOIR.—(1) Of the two we prefer the Hearts of Oak. (2) Of course. Any cheque is accepted by a bank so far as taking it for collection goes. (3) The best bank for an account such as you describe would be the Birkbeck, of Southampton Buildings, E.C. See advertisement on Page 1.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—B. S. (Southport).—Your supposition is correct. The matter will be dealt with in due course.

LAURIE AND VINCENT.—ISAL (Sheffield).—We do not advise you to deal with these people, even to the modest extent of the £2 10s. of which your letter speaks. Keep it in the Savings Bank, and leave outside brokers to people who can afford to lose the money.

BRIGHTON COLISEUM.—J. W. N. (Leicester).—None, we think.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—E. B. (Swalwell).—We note that you have a bond for £250 upon which you have paid £16 10s., and would sell for £14. We thank you for your good wishes. S. M. R. (Devonport).—We note that you have a £400 bond upon which you have paid £32 10s. and would take £20, being out of work and unable to keep up the payments. J. M. (Manchester).—We note that you have two policies upon which you have paid £160 and would sell for £100. J. W. S. (Devonport).—We note that you have a £300 bond (ballot section) upon which you have paid £68 5s., and for which you would take £58. J. H. T. (Peckham).—We fear we cannot get a purchaser upon the conditions you name, and, indeed, it would be difficult to get one at any price, having regard to the smallness of the sum paid. (2) With regard to your other question, you could not do better than take out the policy required in the Prudential. J. R. (Ilford).—We notice that you have a £300 bond upon which you have paid £39 and for which you would accept £25. N. V. H. (Finsbury Park).—We know of no special reason why you should not accept the appointment offered you. The Association is financially strong and is respectably managed. J. M. (Hammersmith).—We have no doubt you will be treated fairly, but be sure and read the printed matter that will be sent to you, or that you can get upon asking for it, before you decide to become a

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

— THE —

JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST & AGENCY, Ltd.

CAPITAL - - £100,000

In 100,000 shares of One Pound each, of which 75,000 have been allotted.

NO DEBENTURES, MORTGAGES, OR OTHER CHARGES.

Governing Director:—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Special Offer to Readers of "JOHN BULL" only of remaining 25,000 Shares at a premium of Ten Shillings per share.

EXTRACT FROM CITY PAGE OF "JOHN BULL," June 8th.

JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST AND AGENCY, LTD.

As our readers are aware, this Company was formed some time ago for the purpose of enabling readers of JOHN BULL, by co-operative methods, to participate, under the personal supervision of the Editor, in legitimate joint-stock enterprise. It does not undertake any kind of "bucket-shop" business, such as marginal investments, options, cover transactions, etc. The capital of the company is £100,000, divided into shares of £1 each—of which 75,000 have already been issued. The last issue was made at a premium of 10s. per share, and it is now proposed to issue the remaining 25,000 shares at the price of £2 per share. Six interim dividends have already been paid, and the books are now in the hands of the auditor, whose report will be issued within the next few days. In the meantime we are in a position to state that the Company has been remarkably successful. Although not actually incorporated as a limited liability concern until a few months ago, its operations date back to June of last year, and consequently cover a period of twelve months. During this time it has earned profits considerably exceeding its entire paid-up capital, of which a large proportion is represented by actual cash realisations, and the balance in very promising securities (including a large interest in this Journal). We understand that a final dividend in respect of the year is about to be declared, and that as soon as the unissued shares have been placed, it is intended to apply to the London Stock Exchange for a special settlement and official quotation.

It has been decided to bring the accounts down to the end of the present month, thus covering a whole year's business, and incorporating the fully-issued capital of the Company.

In the meantime, the following certificate has been obtained:—

CERTIFICATE FROM AUDITOR.

16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON, E.C., June 15th, 1907.

I hereby certify that I am engaged upon the preparation of a Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Limited, covering operations for twelve months ending June 30, 1907. I am able to state that the profits have been sufficient to justify the payment of a further substantial dividend, and to leave a large amount to be carried forward. DALTON EASUM, *Chartered Accountant.*

As will be seen from the above extract from our issue of June 8th, it was intended to issue the unallotted shares at £1 premium. We have, however, been urged by original members and other readers to apportion such shares amongst them at the last issue price, *i.e.*, ten shillings premium. This we have consented to do.

No application will, however, be entertained unless made on the subjoined form, and received NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY NEXT, THE 27TH JUNE.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

TO THE SECRETARY,
JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST AND AGENCY, LTD.,
4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

I hereby apply for shares in this Company (being portion of the unallotted capital), at the price of £1 10s. per share. I enclose the sum of £ : : , being a deposit of ten shillings per share, and I agree to pay the balance of One Pound per share on allotment in exchange for Certificate. I further agree to accept any less number of shares which may be allotted to me, in which case the balance of my deposit is to be credited against the sum due on allotment. Should no allotment be made to me, the deposit is to be returned in full.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

DATE..... OCCUPATION .....

This Form of Application to be cut out and forwarded with deposit to the Secretary, John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd., 4, Red Lion Court, London, E.C.

member of the Association. You will find in this matter full explanation of the conditions of membership. Unfortunately, very many join this and similar Associations without acquainting themselves with these conditions, and when they have been paying in a year or two find that they are not quite what they thought they were. The Association is honourably conducted, and is financially strong. Having said that, the rest must be left to your judgment.

VARIOUS SHARES.—AMICUS (Lewes).—(1) We do not know of anything likely to put up these shares just now. (2) Birmingham Railway Car and Wagon, Brighton Wagon, Ltd., Apollinaris Pref., Brunner, Mond and Co., Crossley Bros. Ordinary, D. R. Evans Ordinary, these would give you an average of something over 6 per cent., and represent sound investments. (3) Have nothing whatever to do with Niekirks. E. C. A. (Salford).—Do not touch the copper shares. The Mexican Bonds are worth buying.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—H. P. M. (Fulham).—No doubt it "looks very nice," but if you take our advice you will have nothing to do with these people; and as for the Premium Bonds we cannot recommend you to buy them. J. H. (Shoreditch).—See answer to H. P. M. M. J. M. (Fareham).—See answer to previous correspondents. EREVENA (Regent Street).—You cannot be a reader of JOHN BULL—any way, of this page—or you would know that we have frequently advised our readers not to have any dealings with this concern.

INSURANCE COUPONS.—A. M. (Hammersmith).—The question you put is a proper one, but it should be addressed to the Ocean Company.

VARIOUS BUILDING SOCIETIES.—BRICKS (Kensington).—You cannot do better than go to the Hearts of Oak or the Perpetual.

TWO SOCIETIES.—J. D., Junior (London).—We do not know the first of the societies you name, but Homesteads, Ltd., is well managed and financially sound.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—W. S. (Kingston-on-Thames).—Have nothing to do with it.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—R. J. S. (Wimbledon).—The third of the companies you name is not as desirable as the other two, and of those two we should prefer the second.

CONSOLIDATED SECURITIES.—C. L. (Bermondsey).—You were very foolish to send your money to persons of whom you know nothing, but apparently you have received the shares for which you asked and paid, and we do not quite understand what your present grievance is.

SIERRA MARINA COPPER.—DUBIOUS (Swiss Cottage).—We know nothing about the property, and should advise you to have nothing to do with it.

BRITISH UNITED ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—X. Y. (Glasgow).—We should prefer another selection.

FOREIGN BONDS.—A B. C. (Dublin).—We have frequently warned our readers against purchasing bonds from the firms you name. As to the advisability of buying foreign municipal bonds, we see no advantage in doing so.

LOTTERY TICKETS.—CAREFUL (Westcliffe-on-Sea).—We should put Messrs. Loewenhers's circulars into the waste-paper basket. The prizes in these lotteries do not, somehow, come to this country. We thank you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. B. (Brighton).—It is a company in the first rank.

DUNLOP TYRES.—INQUIRER (Teddington).—The answer to your question is in the affirmative.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—A. H. (Macclesfield).—We really think you ought to have one of our Biscuits. You, an editor, and ask whether a concern which professes to offer "the opportunity of making £10,000," if only you will send it £5, is or is not a concern you may safely deal with! Of course it is not. J. S (Forest Hill).—Have nothing to do with the people who put in the advertisement you send us. You would never see it back if you entrusted any money to them. B. E. (Thames Ditton).—Have nothing to do with this so-called investment. You should know that a promise to turn £5 into £10,000 without risk is worthless.

SOUTH AFRICAN BANK.—J. H. T. (Bowes Park).—The heavy liability in respect of new capital is, of course, a serious consideration to a holder of shares in the bank you name. As to transferring to the other bank you mention, whose shares are without liability, we see no reason why you should not do so. The outlook at present in the Transvaal is anything but bright, but the bank is sound.

PEARL INSURANCE COMPANY.—E. R. (New Bashford).—We do not understand your letter. You enclose copy of a letter you are sending to the Pearl Insurance Company, in which you say that you insured in 1896 for £13 5s. 6d. to run fifteen years, and that you have already paid in more than you can possibly draw out. We think there must be a mistake somewhere. If you like to send us your papers bearing upon the matter we will look into them.

UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—S. T. (Leeds)—No, we cannot recommend you, as an abstainer, to a better company than this.

HOUSE PROPERTY AND INVESTMENT COMPANY, LTD.—ANXIOUS (Peckham Rye).—It is difficult to advise you. The company is respectably managed, but the return upon capital is small and capital value is falling. If you can get anyone to take over your interest we should be inclined to advise you to do so, even though you have to reckon with some loss.

CHEROKEE GOLD FIELDS.—J F. T. (Bush Hill Park).—We should cut the loss. As to the name of a low-priced mine likely to advance presently to make up for the above bad "spec.," our advice to you is to keep out of low-priced mines unless you want to add to your loss.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—W. M. S. (Kilburn).—Have nothing to do with it. We shall be dealing with Mr. Taverner and his Trust either in our next issue or the one after.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—DOUGLAS (Holyhead).—(1) You can, of course, sell at any time at the market price for these bonds. (2) As to the monthly operations in French Government bonds, we should leave them alone, and on no account have anything to do with the people whose circular you send us.

NON-PROFIT WHOLE LIFE POLICY.—M. B. L. (Norwood Junction).—(1) The Hand in Hand Insurance Company, of New Bridge Street. (2) The other portion of your letter has been dealt with on the "Letter Bag" page.

MAYPOLE PREPS.—S. A. B. (Ipswich).—We know of no good reason why you should not do so.

THE KINGSDYKE PETERBORO' BRICK COMPANY, LTD.—A. M. (Maidstone).—We cannot recommend the investment. Speaking generally, you will do well to avoid first mortgage debentures "bearing interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum," and we see no reason, much to the contrary, to make an exception in favour of this company.

PREMIUM BONDS.—C. A. (Clapham Road).—Have nothing to do with them. Y. Z. (Bath).—Have nothing to do with these bonds and throw the circular sent you into the waste-paper basket. J. R. D. (Southampton).—Our answer to Y. Z. applies equally to question. R. B. (Manchester).—Have nothing to do with the bonds or the people who are advertising them.

BRITISH OAK HOUSE ASSURANCE AND PURCHASE CORPORATION.—A. B. (Mountain Ash).—We should prefer another selection.

THE CONDUIT TRUST.—QUO VADIS (Cardiff).—We have no information respecting it.

NEW GAIETY RESTAURANT.—N. E. (Peckham).—(1) We think not. (2) The preference of the Waredale Steel, Coal and Coke Company look rather inviting at their present price.

SOMETHING NEW.—Many people residing far from centres experience difficulty in raising a few pounds ready cash. THOMSON BROS., Pawnbrokers, established over 100 years, lend sums, small and large, against Jewellery, etc., sent them by post. Low interest charged (2s. 6d. per month for £10). Cash by return. Carriage paid both ways. London addresses: 158, High Street, Borough; 200, The Grove, Stratford; 8, Roman Road, Barnsbury. Bankers, London and County. Please quote paper.

ABBEY ROAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD BUILDING SOCIETY.—F. J. S. (Hayes).—We know nothing against it.

HEARTS OF OAK.—W. R. B. (Hammersmith).—We think you might do so without apprehension.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.—G. C. (London).—Our information is similar to your own.

GERMAN LOTTERY.—H. J. R. (Arundel).—You had much better have nothing to do with these lotteries. You have lost £14 already, and are much more likely to double the loss than recover it. The British Consul does not, so far as we know, ever attend the drawings "to protect the interests of the English clients." He has, or should have, something better to do.

INVESTMENT OF £200.—C. F. (Earlsfield).—The society is an old-established one under respectable management, and the financial position seems good. We do not think you could go far wrong in putting your money into Class III. shares.

VIROL.—J. M. (London).—We do not recommend you to accept the offer or the shares, though the price is low. They are shares not easily sold, should you have occasion to sell, and are not very inviting upon their merits. Virol is, we believe, an excellent food, strongly supported by the doctors; but it is for invalids rather than the general public, and so has a comparatively narrow constituency upon which to work. The company has now been in existence a considerable time without shareholders getting dividends, and although the accounts for the past year show a substantial extension of business, it has cost a great deal to get it. During the past year the product sold by the company was advertised more extensively, with the result that sales went up largely; but it is not of much use to do business if you do not get a reasonable profit from it. The worst of companies of this kind is that huge sums have to be spent in advertising before they are thoroughly established, and we are not sure that the present means of Virol are adequate to that very large advertising expenditure which seems to be imperative if advertising is to create and maintain a business upon profitable conditions to shareholders.

ATLAS INSURANCE COMPANY.—JOAN (Towcester).—If your brother discontinues payment of the premiums the policy will lapse. He cannot recover any of the premiums paid.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—E. H. M. (Taunton).—You need be under no apprehension—the society is making rapid progress.

THE NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—A. B. R. (Homerton).—Yes, we think so.

JAPANESE BONDS SIX PER CENT.—EBORRACUM (Leeds).—They represent a sound investment, and you would have no difficulty in disposing of them.

CORPORATION STOCKS.—CARP (West Hartlepool).—Croydon 3½ per cent., Eastbourne 3 per cent., Harrogate 3 per cent., Nottingham 3 per cent., Stockport 3 per cent., Wigan 3 per cent. These are among the Corporation stocks that would give you the best return, and they are all safe.

MILLARS KARRI JARRAH COMPANY, LTD.—J. B. (Bury).—Your letter has been mislaid. Kindly repeat your inquiry.

BRITISH RELIANCE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. T. B. (Bow).—No.

EQUITABLE HOUSE PROPERTY PURCHASE COMPANY.—H. A. (Batley).—We have no information respecting this society.

THE CHURCH ARMY.—B. D. (Bow).—We agree in your opinion that if we have libelled Mr. Carlile he should seek his remedy in the courts.

FIRE INSURANCE METHODS.—C P. W. (Ilford).—We are obliged to you for directing our attention to the article, cutting of which you enclose.

BEST INSURANCE COMPANY.—NOVICE (Wimbledon).—(1) Both are sound offices. (2) Now is a good time to buy leading railway stocks. North-Westerns at 143 are a very inviting purchase.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—WINSTON (Jedburgh).—We think Canadian Pacifics are quite high enough at present. Have nothing to do with the people whose circular you send us. P. F.—You do not send your address. CIRO (Nottingham).—Have nothing to do with any of the people you name.

ATTASI GOLD FIELDS, LTD.—BELMONT (Liverpool).—We cannot advise you to send money to the person whose circular you send us.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND.—GAZETTE (Liverpool).—The answer is in the negative.

HUDSON BAYS.—SINGER (Malpas).—Yes, but we think they are quite high enough just now.

CYCLE SHARES.—H. S. P. (Bristol).—The company you name is doing well.

MINING SHARES.—H. B. (Peckham).—It would be a very speculative purchase. We do not recommend brokers.

KLANDSLAAGTE COLLIERIES.—A. B. (Beverley).—We should advise you to do so.

LOAN UPON POLICY.—J. W. A. (Canonbury Park).—It would be very small. You should ask the company what they would advance upon it.

DE DION BOUTON (1907), LTD.—MOTOR SHARES (Guanersbury).—You made an unfortunate purchase. As to getting out of paying the final call, it is impossible, unless you succeed in inducting the Courts to take your view of the matter, and that means legal proceedings that must be costly.

TWIN SYNDICATE.—TWINS (Kensington).—We know nothing about the people you name.

RAILWAY PASSENGER ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—TOM (Clacton-on-Sea).—It seems to us that you should be thankful that you have not had to call upon the company. It is unreasonable to ask them to refund any of the premiums paid.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.—E. K. (Kidsgrove).—The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation is one of the companies named. Among the non-tariff offices, and those which offer special concessions, or lower rates, are the Fine Art and General, the National Burglary and Fire, the Car and General, the Hearts of Oak and General, and the Essex and Suffolk Equitable. W. G. P. (Knightsbridge).—See previous answer.

BANK SHARES.—WORRIED (East Dulwich).—The bank is, of course, of high standing, but we can understand your anxiety as to the uncalled capital, although there is very little likelihood of any part of it being wanted. You would have no difficulty in selling your shares, and we should be happy to advise you as to how best to reinvest the proceeds if you care for the advice.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION.—CONSTANT READER (Sheffield).—We are in agreement with the statements to which you refer.

HOMESTEADS, LTD.—A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER (Dursley).—Yes, we think so.

INVESTMENT OF £80.—H. C O. (Leyton).—You have made an excellent selection, but the sum you have to invest is a comparatively small one, and we should have been disposed to put it all into one security.

TRANSFER OF STOCK.—A. M. (Birmingham).—We gather from your letter that you have transferred from Chartered into Grand Trunk Ordinary. If so you have done quite right. In the course of time the stock you now hold will be very much higher.

RAILWAY STOCKS.—G. W. (Walworth).—The best thing to do is to keep your stocks and not bother about them. You got in at very low prices, and although just now, what with labour troubles, rise in the price of coal, and so on, the railway outlook is not particularly bright, the quotation is likely to go higher again before very long.

JOSEPH GOODMAN.—S. C. (Hoxton).—Thank you, but we do not think the information worth the money.

HOW to INCREASE your INCOME

STRIKING SUCCESS!

Write at Once for Pamphlet (post free on mentioning this paper.)

The City and Westminster Exchange, Ltd.

Stock and Share Dealers,

Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W.

Telephone Nos. 867 Westminster, and 7765 Gerrard.

Telegraphic Address, "Stockwork," London.

THE BRITISH COALITE COMPANY, LIMITED, is ISSUING A PROSPECTUS which is dated the 15th June, 1907, and which states, amongst other things, that:—

"This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies."

This notice is not to be regarded as an invitation to the public to subscribe for Shares. The full Prospectus contains particulars of Contracts, etc., and other information, in accordance with the requirements of the Companies' Act, 1900. Applications will only be received on the terms of the full Prospectus, copies of which can be obtained at the Office of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, and the British Coalite Company, Limited.

The Subscription List will open on Tuesday, the 18th of June, 1907, and will close for London applications on or before Thursday, the 20th of June, 1907, and for Country applications on or before the first post on Friday, the 21st June, 1907.

BRITISH COALITE CO., LIMITED

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900)

CAPITAL - - £2,000,000,

DIVIDED INTO

1,500,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH, AND 500,000 DEFERRED ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH.

Out of the profits available for distribution in each year, the Ordinary Shares will be first entitled to a non-cumulative dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, and the surplus profits will be distributed as to one-half amongst the Ordinary Shares, and the other half amongst the Deferred Ordinary Shares.

The Ordinary Shares will also have a preference as regards Capital over the Deferred Ordinary Shares, and after repayment of the Capital paid up on both classes of Shares will be entitled to one-half of the surplus Assets, the holders of the Deferred Ordinary Shares being entitled to the other half.

ISSUE OF 1,500,000 ORDINARY SHARES AT PAR.

Payable:—

2s. 6d. on Application.
2s. 6d. on Allotment.
5s. 0d. on the 19th August, 1907.
5s. 0d on the 18th October 1907.
5s. 0d. on the 17th December, 1907.

Payment in full may be made on Allotment. Interest at 4 per cent. per annum will be allowed on amounts prepaid.

With the exception of £55,000 (required for the repayment of the deposits on the purchase of freehold land at Barking, for expenses at Wednesfield, and for the payment of preliminary expenses), the whole of the purchase consideration is taken by the Vendors in Deferred Ordinary Shares, and the proceeds of this issue will be used for the completion of the purchase of the said freehold properties, for the construction of Coalite works at Barking and elsewhere, the payment of underwriting commission and brokerage, and for working capital.

DIRECTORS.

CHARLES ALLEN, J.P. (Chairman, Henry Bessemer and Co., Ltd., Carlton Main Colliery Co., Ltd., near Barnsley), Bent's Green, Sheffield.
SIR WILLIAM H. BAILEY (Director of Ebbw Vale Steel, Iron and Coal Company, Ltd., and Manchester Ship Canal Co.), Sale Hall, Cheshire.
A. C. CORY-WRIGHT, J.P. (Director Wm. Cory and Son, Ltd., Coal Factors), 52, Mark Lane, London, E.C.
ALBERT GEORGE KITCHING, J.P. (Director of the Metropolitan Railway Company), 7, Drapers' Gardens, London, E.C.
SIR W. H. PREECE, K.C.B., F.R.S. (Director London Electric Supply Corporation, Ltd.), 8, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.
HARCOURT WYNNE PUGH (Mann, George and Co., Coal Exporters), 23, Lime Street, London, E.C.

BANKERS.

LONDON: UNION OF LONDON AND SMITH'S BANK, LIMITED, 2, Princes Street, E.C., and Branches.
" PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, 4, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., and Branches.
" MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL DISTRICT BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, 75, Cornhill, London, E.C., and at Manchester, Liverpool, and Branches.
SHEFFIELD: SHEFFIELD AND HALLAMSHIRE BANK, LIMITED.
NEWCASTLE: BARCLAY AND CO., LIMITED.
SCOTLAND: THE NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, Head Office, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Branches.

SOLICITORS.

ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP AND CO., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

LONDON: VERTUE, LUBBOCK AND CO., 43, Threadneedle Street and Stock Exchange, E.C.
MANCHESTER: R. A. ARMITAGE AND SON, 10, St. Anne's Square.
SHEFFIELD: RADON AND DUTCHMAN, 2, East Parade.
NEWCASTLE: WISE, SPEKE AND CO., 28, Collingwood Street and Stock Exchange.
LIVERPOOL: A. M. SING AND CO., 26, Exchange Street East.
CARDIFF: E. T. LYDDON AND SONS, Bute Docks.

AUDITORS.

DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS AND CO., 5, London Wall Buildings, E.C.
E. LAYTON BENNETT AND CO., 31 AND 32, Broad Street Avenue, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEER.

THOMAS PARKER, M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E.

SECRETARY (*pro tem.*) AND OFFICES.

J. B. G. HADATH, No. 3, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

BRITISH COALITE COMPANY, Limited, has been formed to purchase the Patent Rights for manufacturing and dealing in Coalite in the United Kingdom, to acquire valuable freehold sites at Barking and Wednesfield, together with the Coalite plant capable of an output of about 15,000 tons per annum now in operation, and to take over a contract entered into with Messrs. Wm. Cory and Son, Ltd., under which they agree for 21 years to collect and sell the whole of the output in the metropolitan and other areas, as defined in the contract, and to act as sole agents for the purchase of coal within such areas.

WHAT COALITE IS.—Coalite is manufactured from ordinary coal by a refining process, the invention of Mr. Thomas Parker, M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E., of Wolverhampton, the well-known Engineer, who recently carried out the electrification of the Metropolitan Railway.

In his report, Mr. James Swinburne, F.R.S., describes Coalite as follows:—

"Mr. Parker distils coal at a low temperature so as to produce Coalite, by removing all the smoke-producing matter without over-heating the carbon. Coalite is thus an improved coal, lighting more easily and burning absolutely without smoke. The process does not break down the hydro-carbons, so that nearly a double yield of valuable liquid bye-products is obtained, and about half the usual volume of gas, which is, on the other hand, richer than ordinary gas.

"The treatment of coal so as to produce primarily not coke, but a first-rate domestic fuel, and at the same time a larger yield of liquid bye-products, and a notable quantity of rich illuminating gas, is, in my opinion, a new principle of the highest public importance."

ADVANTAGES OF COALITE.—The manifold advantages accruing from the introduction of an economical and smokeless fuel like Coalite can hardly be overstated. The fact that Coalite has successfully passed the ordeal of independent and searching tests made under the direction of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society is an assurance of its almost universal adoption. Coalite has been declared by the Society, after exhaustive tests, conducted in the new Government Buildings at Westminster, with the permission and co-operation of Sir Henry Tanner, Chief Architect to H.M. Government, by H. A. Des Voeux, M.D., and John S. Owens, M.D., Assoc. M.I.C.E., to be not only absolutely smokeless, but also greatly superior as a fuel to coal of the highest grade, against which it was tested.

DOMESTIC USE.—Compared with household coal of good quality, Coalite has, among others, the following advantages:—

1. It radiates more heat into the room, the difference being very remarkable in large fires.
2. It burns absolutely without smoke.
3. It lights easily and burns up brightly at once, so that the fire is cheerful and efficient from the beginning.
4. It keeps a clear, glowing fire for many hours without attention.
5. It can be burnt down into a very small fire without going out.
6. It heats a room more cheaply than the best coal.
7. It can be used in any form of grate or stove.
8. Chimney and kitchen flues will not require sweeping.

Coalite has also been carefully studied and reported on as to its use for both household and steam purposes and as to its manufacture and bye-products by Prof. Vivian B. Lewes, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, by Dr. Samuel Rideal, D.Sc., F.I.C., and by Prof. Robert H. Smith, Assoc. M.I.C.E. Extracts from these reports accompany this Prospectus. The reports can be seen at the offices of the Company.

PATENT RIGHTS.—Exhaustive searches as to previous Patents have been made in the British, German, French, and United States Patent Records by Messrs. Edward Evans and Co., of Chancery Lane, W.C., which have been confirmed by the official examinations as to novelty made in the United Kingdom, Germany, and the United States. The validity of the Patent Rights for Great Britain has been reported upon by Mr. Terrell, K.C., Mr. Walter, K.C., and Mr. Frederic Swann, whose joint opinion was entirely favourable on all points. The following is a copy of such opinion:—

"We have carefully perused and considered the numerous earlier specifications which have been placed before us, dealing with the subject of the destructive distillation of coal, and the preparation of fuel by such distillation. We have settled the complete Specification of Parker on his application for Patent 14,365/06, having regard to all such earlier Specifications.

"We are of opinion that the patent, when granted on such application, will be valid, and that the Specification as we have settled it describes an invention which is not disclosed in any of the earlier documents placed before us, and that such invention is novel and good subject-matter for letters patent.

(Sgd.) "THOMAS TERRELL.
"ARTHUR J. WALTER.
"FREDERIC SWANN."

The complete specification which was lodged at the Patent Office on the 24th December, 1906, has now passed the official examination, and the Comptroller-General of Patents has issued his certificate that it is ready for acceptance. The applications for the United States and German Patents have been accepted.

Applications for a special settlement in and an official quotation of the Company's Shares will be made in due course to the Stock Exchange, London.

This Form of Application for Ordinary Shares may be used.

BRITISH COALITE CO., LTD.

Issue of 1,500,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each at par.

To the Directors of the BRITISH COALITE COMPANY, LIMITED,

3, LONDON WALL BUILDINGS, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 2s. 0d. per Share on application for.....Ordinary Shares of the above issue, I request you to allot me that number of Shares upon the terms of the Prospectus issued by you dated the 15th June, 1907, and the Company's Memorandum and Articles of Association; and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number you may allot to me, and to pay the further instalments thereon as provided by the said Prospectus; and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said Shares.

Signature .....

PLEASE WRITE DISTINCTLY, (JOHN BULL.)

Name (in full).....

Address (in full).....

.....

Description .....

Date ....., 1907.

MORE CLERICAL BLASPHEMY.

A BROMPTON PARSON'S EFFUSION.

Some time ago we reproduced the prospectus of "Jesus and Company, Ltd.," issued by "The Thornhill Men's Cheerful Meeting." Here is a theatrical handbill now being circulated by a Brompton parson:—

THEATRE

BY COMMAND OF THE KING OF KINGS.

And at the Desire of all who love His appearing.

AT THE

THEATRE OF THE UNIVERSE

On the EVE OF TIME will be performed

"THE GREAT & TERRIBLE DAY OF THE LORD."

THE GREAT ASSIZE

OR

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE SCENERY,

Which is now actually preparing, will not only surpass everything that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just REPRESENTATION of ALL THE INHABITANTS of the WORLD in their various and PROPER COLOURS, and their CUSTOMS and MANNERS will be so exact, and so minutely delineated, that the most secret Thoughts will be discovered.

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be GOOD, or whether it be EVIL."—Eccles. xii. 14.

THIS THEATRE WILL BE LAID OUT AFTER A NEW PLAN, AND WILL CONSIST OF

PIT AND GALLERY

Only; and contrary to all others, the GALLERY is fitted up for the reception of People of High (or heavenly) Birth and the PIT for those of Low (or earthly) Rank. N.B.—The Gallery is very spacious, and the Pit without bottom.

To prevent inconvenience, there are separate Doors for admitting the Company; and they are so different that none can mistake that are not wilfully blind. The Door which opens into the Gallery is very narrow, and the steps up to it are somewhat difficult; for which reason there are seldom many people about it. But the Door that gives entrance into the Pit is very wide, and very commodious, which causes such numbers to flock to it that it is generally crowded. N.B.—The strait Door leads towards the right-hand, and the broad one to the left. It will be in vain for one in a tinselled coat and borrowed language to personate one of HIGH BIRTH, in order to get admittance into the upper place, for there is ONE of a wonderful and deep penetration, who will search and examine every individual; and all who are not savingly converted, but die in their sins—all who are not "Born again," and baptised with the Holy Ghost, must be turned in at the left-hand Door

The Principal Performers are described in 1 Thess iv 16—2 Thess. i. 7, 8, 9—Matt. xxiv. 30, 31.; xxv 31, 32.—Daniel vii. 9, 10.—Jude 14, 15.—Rev. xx. 12 to 15. But as there are some people much better acquainted with the contents of a PLAY BILL than the WORD OF GOD, it may not be amiss to transcribe a verse or two for their perusal:—

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty Angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."—2 Thess. i. 7, 8. "A fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him, thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him, the judgment was set, and the books were opened."—Daniel vii. 10 "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the Lake of Fire."—Rev. xx. 15

ACT FIRST,

OF THIS GRAND AND SOLEMN PIECE WILL BE OPENED BY

An Archangel with the Trump of God.

"For the Trumpet shall sound, and the Dead shall be raised."—1 Cor. xv, 52

ACT SECOND,

A PROCESSION OF SAINTS

in white, with Gold Harps, accompanied with shouts of joy and songs of praise.

ACT THIRD.

AN ASSEMBLAGE OF ALL THE UNREGENERATE,

THE ACCOMPANIMENT will chiefly consist of Cries, Weeping, Wailing, Mourning, Lamentation, and Woe

TO CONCLUDE WITH AN ADDRESS BY THE

SON OF MAN

John v 27.

It is written in St. Matthew xxv, from the 24th verse to the end of the chapter. but for the sake of those who seldom read the Scriptures, I shall here transcribe two verses—"Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels.

AFTER WHICH THE CURTAIN WILL DROP.

	——————Then, oh to tell!
John v. 28, 29.	Some raised on high, and others doomed to hell:
Rev. v. 8, 9.—xiv. 3.	These praise the Lamb, and sing redeeming Love,
Luke xvi. 22, 23.	Lodged in his bosom, all his goodness prove;
Luke xx. 14, 27	While those who trampled under foot his grace
Matt. xxv. 30.—2 Thess. i. 9	Are banished now for ever from his face:
Luke xvi. 26	Divided thus, a gulf is fixed between,
Matt. xxv. 46	And (everlasting) closes up the scene.

"O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter *end*."—Deut. xxxii. 29.

Tickets for the Pit are sold at every place of Temptation, where the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life are displayed. The price is giving way to these things, and sinning against God, "For these saith the Lord, The soul that sinneth it shall die."—Ezek. xviii. 20.

Tickets for the Gallery may be had gratis at the "Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness," but will only be given to those who are willing to deny all ungodliness, and take up the Cross daily, forsake all unrighteousness, and follow Christ. Tickets not transferable. No money will be taken at the door, and all who are admitted into the Gallery must be sprinkled with the Blood of Christ and sealed with Immanuel's Signet, therefore, "Prepare to meet thy God."—Amos iv. 12. "For in such hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Irish and their Drama.

If there had been no Irish, the history of the British Empire might have been more peaceful; it certainly would have been more prosaic. The Irishry are the most romantic element in our Imperial life, the most picturesque as well as the most troublesome element. A nation of fighters and orators, the Irish are also a nation of actors and dramatists. Their legends are full of the material for drama, and their daily life is full of the material for dramatic characterisation. Yet, until a decade ago, Ireland virtually had no national drama and no national dramatists. Many of her sons wrote for the stage, but they wrote chiefly of English or other foreign subjects; and they wrote for the English or other foreign market. In their work they drew little of the real Ireland; for outside Ireland herself there was but a small interest in Ireland, except in so far as she was a political problem or a place in which to spend a quiet holiday. Take Sheridan and Goldsmith and Wilde and Bernard Shaw out of the British drama, and you have taken out four Irishmen who matter very much to that drama; and there have been other workmen of only less genius than these hailing from Erin but writing the plays of England. Latterly Mr. Shaw, whose impudent wit is more truly Irish than that of some who boast more of their Irish blood, has given us, in "John Bull and His Island," the most diverting piece of work ever written on the incompatibility of temper that makes a happy marriage between England and Ireland so difficult to achieve. The proper place of production for that play was the Irish National Theatre in Dublin, although I am glad that it was produced where I was able to see it—at the London Court.

Shaw and some Others.

Some time ago there were rumours that Mr. Shaw would write a play for the Irish National Theatre; and it is a pity he does not, for he can write plays so much better than most of the dramatists associated with that venture, although some of them write very well indeed. Lady Gregory, for example, has a real gift of laughter; but there is not enough of her to set off against the grim irony of Mr. J. M. Synge and the vague idealisms of Mr. W. B. Yeats. Judged by its recent productions at the Great Queen Street Theatre, in London, these three make up the active body of working dramatists in the Irish National Theatre since "the split." Those of my readers who did not know before that there had been a split will hardly be surprised by the news. "Divide and govern," says the old political wisdom. We may not be able to govern Ireland, but she herself can do more than the necessary amount of division. The Irish, among other delightful things, are the champion schismatics of the world.

A People's Theatre.

A short time ago two of the best playwrights that the eight-year-old Irish Literary Theatre movement—now the Irish National Theatre in Dublin—had produced, Messrs. William Boyle and Patrick Colum, resigned their membership. They contend—and I neither deny nor endorse the contention—that the theatre has ceased to be "national." Mr. Yeats and those with him laugh at this suggestion. The basis and gravamen of the impeachment are characteristically Irish. The theatre authorities have produced plays that libelled the womanhood of Ireland, and they have invoked the aid of the police to suppress the consequent disorders at the Abbey Street playhouse! I think they have committed both these sins—if a mere English person may be allowed to have an opinion on such a controversial matter. Were Mr. Synge's play true to Irish life, then no sane person would need excuse for shaking the dust of that bewildering country from off his feet; and Carlyle's notorious remedy for the Irish question were too merciful. But that is not the point, and in the argument that has arisen on "The Playboy of the Western World" Mr. Yeats has all the best of it. Unobscured by the side-issues that have grown up around them, the main issues on which the Irish National Theatre was rent asunder were these: Should the Irish national dramatist never censure, but only flatter, the Irish people? Should his method of censure (presuming that he censure at all) be subject to the tutelage of the Dublin mob? And should the Irish National Theatre produce only plays that painted the Irish character in pleasing colours, or quite truly?

The Two Sides.

Half the members of the Sinn Fein will write to the editor demanding my immediate dismissal as a traitorous Scotsman, desirous only of injuring the cause of Ireland, because I put it like that. But it is the truth, nevertheless; and with Mr. Yeats—from whom on ninety-nine questions

out of a hundred I differ entirely—I am all for liberty, the liberty of the playwright to think his thought and do his work in his own way without fear of clamour or boycott, without noisy interruption or violence from the minority. At the Abbey Street Theatre the police rightly were called in to throw out the gang of ardent patriots who refused to listen themselves or allow anyone else to listen. That is the scarlet sin of Mr. W. B. Yeats; and not all his brilliant addresses and ingratiating pamphlets apparently will wash it away. I bought an armful of them from a pretty Irish girl who was selling them at the Great Queen Street Theatre, and who told me that they were not worth reading, and that she disagreed with them entoirely, but that Peggy Malone had asked her to help sell them, and sure it was all for the good of ould Oireland that I should buy them. I had read previously all I could get of the other side from my London-Irish friends, who curse Mr. Yeats most vehemently between their whiskies in the best Gaelic of the West Kensington district. And Mr. Yeats wins easily—romps home, in fact.

The Man and the Machine.

Organisation, leagues, societies, and all the rest of it, are needful machinery of progress in Ireland as elswhere, but the motive power of progress is free, fearless men, and the material of progress is a people believing in freedom and fearlessness. Ireland is in sad need of candid critics, critics even trat exaggerate: friendly but hot critics within her own borders. Only by encouraging them at all points will Ireland ever see her own faults as her most gifted sons see them; and until she does see them all hope of remedy is vain. This journal stands for liberty ever and always and everywhere; and liberty from the censorship of the loud-mouthed person with a big stick, acting individually or in corporations, is as essential to the growth of a National Theatre in Ireland as it is to the well-being of pacific persons in all lands. I hope Messrs. Colum and Boyle and the others will recognise this fact, and rejoin the National Theatre: for if it need restraint or reform they and those who think with them can best manage these matters from the inside.

A Bond of Union.

As the careful reader may have gathered from what I have said already, I think there are bigger issues bound up with the Irish National Theatre than most Englishmen might suppose: among them the issue whether the process of grinding exceptional men into a uniform kind of literary-political sausage meat, satirised by Ibsen in "An Enemy of the People," is desirable in the real interests of Ireland. No permanent dissension, I take it, can possibly arise from such a ridiculously inadequate problem. If it does, it will be a thousand pities: for the Irish National Theatre stands for many fine things. For instance, it stands for Democracy. It is genuinely a People's Theatre, although it was founded by Lady Gregory when she produced Edward Martyn's "Heather Field," after that play had been refused by all the English managers. The chief comedian—one of the ablest living comedians, too—is an electric wirer by trade; his brother, also of the company—a fine romantic actor—is a typist. The leading lady, who plays women parts both old and young with power or charm, as the case demands, has had no training outside that supplied by the theatre staff and a varying repertory. An Englishwoman gave the theatre its home—a sort of vicarious atonement for English landlordism in Ireland. All the rest, so far, has been done by Ireland herself—plays, acting, scenery, dresses are all Irish, and mostly the work of common people. No less an authority than Mr. Arthur Bourchier has declared that we shall never have the finest acting until the people who patronise plays also act in plays.

Artistic Self-Help.

The Irish National Theatre was at least a beginning in this direction: at once an example of that artistic self-help which is as scarce in Ireland as industrial and commercial self-help, and a step towards broader ideals in the culture of the peasant and in the aims of Nationalism. Some of its members have committed excesses, but these are only natural to the youth of such a body; and there is much virtue in a movement that in a single week can show us, well-acted as the Irish plays were in London, so diverse and generally admirable a list of productions as Mr. Synge's "Playboy," "Riders to the Sea," Mr. Yeats' "Shadowy Waters," "On Baile's Strand," "Kathleen ni Houlihan," and "The Hour Glass," and Lady Gregory's "Jackdaw," "The Gaol Gate," "The Rising of the Moon," and "Hyacinth Halvey." I wish the Irish National Theatre the best of luck, and the dissentients a new access of humour.

P.

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK.

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To E. C. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, Esq., Metropolitan Police Magistrate, Clerkenwell.

Sir,—Now that you have had time to think the matter over, are not you ashamed of yourself? I am ashamed of you, anyway—ashamed and surprised that anyone occupying a seat of justice should sentence a man "who has borne a good character for many years," to two months' hard labour for stealing two bread loaves, value 9½d. Good heavens, man, do you call that a merciful thing to do? Do you call it justice? Do you call it even common sense? I call it cruel, vindictive, and disgraceful, and I am not asking your leave to say so.

Consider the human side of it. "When sentence was delivered a little woman (about to be confined) burst into tears and shrieked. The prisoner, as he was going past her, collapsed and fell to the floor. It was a short but pitiable scene." So says the reporter. I can well believe it. Didn't it hurt you, man? Didn't you feel while it was being enacted that you had done a cruel wrong? Do you feel quite comfortable and happy now? Two months' hard labour for two loaves! And this the first offence of a man who had borne a good character for years!

You refused to give him the benefit of the First Offenders Act. What is the First Offenders Act for, if not for cases like this? It is not the two months' hard labour merely. You have wrecked the man's life, without giving him a chance. And that chance it was in your power to give. I do not know what the Home Secretary thinks of it. But I know what I should think of it and of you in his place, and I know what I should do. I should release the man instanter, and pretty sharply remind you that a magistrate of your sort is unfitted to have any discretionary power at all. Sentiment is not in the case. But justice is in it, and mercy is in it, and this victim of your magisterial authority has had neither. Get some humanity into you, man, and—and a little practical Christianity. Believe me, it is worth while.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Scholes, Blackpool.

Dismal Sir,—I have been reading a report of the Blackpool Town Council meeting, and the discussion which arose in regard to "dancing in the East Pavilion in full view of promenaders." My pen trembles and the ink blushes as I write these dreadful words; may I be forgiven! I regret to note that one Alderman Bickerstaffe caused some laughter by ejaculating "How terrible!" I note that your "temperance and municipal reform associations" are dead against the dangers of shaking a leg in the East Pavilion, more especially "because the attention of the young was arrested." My dear sir, with such reprobates on the Town Council as this Bickerstaffe and a Mr. Grime (how suggestive!) —who paralysed my moral sense by declaring that "only cranks, fools, or humbugs seriously alleged immorality in the dancing pavilion," how can you keep from resigning your seat on such a body? You really owe it to yourself, as well as to the "Free Church Council," for whom you spoke, to go—and the sooner the better.

You, a representative of a "Free" Church, with the accent off the "Free"! Dancing on the pier in full view of the promenaders "not conducive to the best morals of holiday resorts"! Have you ever been there to see? What do you know of morality, you narrow-minded freak? If I were a Blackpool resident, at the risk of incurring some expense for fumigating purposes, I would take you by your nasty nose and long ears and forcibly carry you to the East Pavilion and read your speech to the dancers. I vouch for it that you would have a dance that would not conduce to your best morals—if any. Lord, what are we coming to when such rubbish is talked and thought fit to publish! Well might Alderman Bickerstaffe say, "There was no more immorality in dancing than there was in a Free Church love-feast or watch-night service." There may be differences of opinion as to the wisdom of dancing in hot, crowded ballrooms and emerging into the cold night air in thin habiliments, but—in a pavilion on a pier, under the blue dome of heaven, "in full view of the promenaders!" For every case of immorality you can trace to the East Pavilion, I'll go bail some Blackpool parents can bring evidence in a dozen cases of evils which have come about through sneaking humbugs who lay themselves out with their unctuous self-righteousness to debauch the simple-minded. And so you wind up with a whining—"If the Corporation would not protect the young, the Free Church Council would."

Get out. Where is my whip?

JOHN BULL.

To Hampstead Guardians, Union Offices, Hampstead.

Peculiar Gents,—Wonder what *you* do on Sundays? Sleep while the church bells ring, rise when they have finished, take lunch when it is ready, have forty winks to digest it, read one of the cheaper novels most of the afternoon, dine well in the evening, and listen to the soul-moving strains of the phonograph until bedtime?

I ask the question because I notice that you have just sentenced two inmates of your workhouse to two days' bread and water for playing dominoes on Sunday. Good gracious! what will happen next? I expect you'll be sentencing an inmate to five days' gruel and two days' knuckle-of-nothing for anticipating Christmas by asking conundrums. Or perhaps you'll be offering prize copies of the Catechism for the inmate caught reading the most tracts?

Let me tell you a story, my ultra-pious friends. There was once a poor and decrepit old man passing through the streets, and some gilded youths who had dined saw him. "Hello, Father Abraham!" cried one. "Hello, Father Isaac!" cried another. "Hello, Father Jacob!" shouted a third. "My children," exclaimed the old man, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! I have found them." If I had my way, I would feed the whole lot of you on thistles. For goodness' sake, cover up your long ears.

JOHN BULL.

To the Northants Cricket Eleven.

Gentlemen and Pros.,—Well, you are a nice lot, I *don't* think, as they say in the classics. All out for 12! Eleven grown men only able to make one run apiece, and one over. I suppose you will toss up for the odd one? What on earth were you trying to do—create a new record, or provide the ha'penny press with a cheap sensation? Really, they ought to send you a handsome donation to the club funds. And five of you are "professional" cricketers, I notice, so that it ought not to have proved a "quack" eleven. No doubt both the wicket and bowlers were "tricky," but still, six "blobs" —to quote the classics again. Are you cricketers, spectacle-makers, poultry-farmers, or what? I hope you will not have the base ingratitude to blame that unreliable person, the Clerk of the Weather, who, in a most unsportsmanlike spirit, stepped in and saved you from almost certain and well-merited defeat. I have no wish to be too "cutting," but you have made a bad "slip," and it is my painful duty to "pitch" into you. To make a "hit" a cricketer should be bold, not "bowled." I hope you will see the "point," and profit by it. When next Dennett comes his "double Glos'ter" over you, tell him to "cheese it." And remember that, though cricket is a game, it need not be a farce.

JOHN BULL.

A WORD TO THE BISHOP.

BARMAID AND STAGE GIRL: BUT MY DEAR BISHOP, WE HAVE TO WORK FOR OUR LIVING, AND WHAT ARE WE TO DO IF OUR EMPLOYMENT IS TAKEN FROM US? DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT DEVOTE YOUR ATTENTION TO THE ROMANISTIC PRACTICES WITHIN YOUR OWN FOLD? WE CAN LOOK AFTER OURSELVES.

OATHS.

By Jim Crow.

Why do the Puritans so furiously rage together against the very natural, harmless habit of swearing? Why do the goody-goody imagine a vain thing? I have conversed with many bishops, priests, and deacons on the subject without ever eliciting a single logical argument against expletives. I hereby challenge any squeamish person to justify his mysterious prejudice. What says Mother Vaughan?

"Bloody."

Let me first snap the weakest link. In almost any circle of polite society, in the High Court of Parliament and the lowest court of law, in bar-parlours, suburban parlours, and in all other parlous places, a horrid shudder shivers the air at the very idea of uttering this word. That attitude makes me very angry indeed. How can any sane person be so stupid as to object? Do the objectors know what the word means? They probably imagine in a sort of half-witted way that it implies impregnation with the fluid which courses through the veins of less anæmic persons. Well, if it did, where would be the harm? As a matter of fact, any etymologist will tell you that this alleged swear-word never was and never could be intended to suggest the drip of gore. There would be no sense in it if it did. And even then, why be angry with nonsense?

Some wiseacres have argued that it is a corruption of the ejaculation, By our Lady! But this does not hold water. The theory is far-fetched. And there is a very simple one under our noses. We talk of a blood horse without any risk of offence, meaning a thoroughbred. Now the adjective is better grammar than the noun in this connection. Probably our ancestors used the expletive to express the same sort of animal. The word merely meant thorough—a thorough nuisance, a thorough thief, and so forth. I therefore claim the right to use the word whenever I mean thorough, and that without any profane or evil intent.

Euphemisms.

I have always had a profound contempt for euphemisms, which merely express weakness or timidity. If it is wrong to use the real word, it is also wrong to write sanguinary, ruddy, gory, blank, etc., when the word is in your mind, and all your readers will know it is there. The French can be finnicky as well as foul, and they are sad sinners in the matter of euphemisms. When they are not bold enough to indulge in sterner invocations, they shout gibberish about the consecrated name of a pipe, or the name of a name; or they make hideous contractions like scrongnieu! or saperlipopette!

I yield to no man in my —— ("thorough," please.—Editor) detestation of profanity and obscenity, but I think a cursory examination of the most dreaded objurgations will prove many of them to be mild or meaningless. Oaths come into three categories: the exclamatory, the affirmatory, and the denunciatory. Oddly enough, the exclamatory are usually the more violent.

Exclamations.

This is probably due to the poverty of the language and a natural craving for variety. It would be flat to say Oh! or Ah! or 'M! in reply to startling as well as to commonplace information. If we were told it was a wet day, we might correctly say "Indeed!" but we should be deemed indifferent if we made so colourless a remark on hearing of an earthquake in London. It would then depend upon our environment whether we were expected to exclaim "Good God!" or "Lord bless my soul!" or "Goodness gracious!"

Fashions in oaths are strange things. "By God!" is considered bad form by some who would say "Good Lord!" without a shiver, while "Lud" is scarcely stronger than "Tut!" I should probably overburden this paper if I proceeded to trace the connexion between oaths and theological development. But I may say a word on the theological objection to swearing. The Puritans adduce two Scriptural injunctions: the Third Commandment and the Sermon on the Mount. Some pedants have held the latter to prohibit even an oath of allegiance, but they are answered in the 39th Article of Religion. And any glimmer of commonsense must enable us to see that the Third Commandment and the Sermon on the Mount were only concerned to discourage contempt for sacred things.

Affirmations.

Now there can be no contempt for sacred things in an invocation of the Deity at solemn moments. In the witness-box an oath is almost a prayer, and many mediæval oaths nearly shared the intention. When a man cried "Zounds!" or "Sblood," he invoked the ancient mysteries of the Church. "Zounds! I will kill you," being interpreted, meant "by the grace of Christ's wounds, I will kill you," thus implying a belief in the righteousness of his quarrel.

Denunciations.

Nowadays men take life and religion far less solemnly, and are chiefly content to invoke Jupiter and St. George.

But when, instead of appealing for religious reinforcements, they demand that the whole contest shall be conducted by supernal agencies, they grow still more emphatic. Their usual request is that pains and penalties may be exercised against their adversaries. "A murrain on you" (or some other disease) was frequently invoked by our forefathers, while we still say "Blast your eyes," or we make use of a monosyllable which involves a demand for eternal perdition. Such expressions are certainly to be discouraged as evidences of ill temper, but as their users do not seriously expect their hasty petitions to be heard, the offence is not very serious.

I do not hold up the language of our troops in Flanders as an object for emulation, but it may be contended that a little freedom and colour will add a zest to communications even in the most conservative circles.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Mystics." By Katherine Cecil Thurston. (London: Blackwood, 1907. 3s. 6d.)

Mrs. Thurston writes with distinction, and, though her story opens somewhat tediously, she succeeds in presenting some fine dramatic effects. Probability is not her strong point, but the reader's curiosity is well sustained. John Anderson, the hero, finds his inheritance has been left by his uncle to a fantastic sect, which is expecting a Messiah. Obtaining possession of the secrets of the sect, he determines to get back his own by playing the part of the Messiah himself. After ten years' study in the East, he returns well fitted for the rôle, and would have succeeded if he had not fallen in love with a lady disciple. He is spied upon and denounced, when some fine scenes occur. But the story is very short and the conclusion lame. Mrs. Thurston can do better than this.

"When Cupid Mocks; or An Old Maid's Infatuation." By Emily I. Henoch. (London: Drane.)

Miss Aliston, a wealthy little spinster of forty, goes to the seaside in Devonshire, and becomes infatuated with the young boatman who teaches her to swim and fish. Her timid courtship of him and his visit to Balham are amusingly told. She makes him dine at her table, to his great embarrassment, and takes him round a whirl of London sights. After three weeks he wants to go home. Then, to his amazement, she confesses her love, and offers him creature comforts if he will marry her.

"I be deeply grateful tu yu, Miss Aliston, no chap could be more, an as fer liken, that du! but I can't seem to fit in, somehow."

"You will in time . . . you cannot refuse my request, Henry! unless—but no! you do not care for any girl, do you?"

He laughed pleasantly. "No, none o' our girls down tu hoam be oop tu much, tu my way o' thinken."

"Then you will, you will let me prove to you how pleasant I can make your life?"

Henry shifted uneasily. "Well, since yu say so, an reely wish et—tes more than I can du to say no!"

She timidly exacts an awkward kiss, and he goes home. She sends him postal orders regularly until she hears he has married his cousin. Then she goes down to verify this, and is accidentally drowned. It all makes quite a good little story, but I was somewhat irritated to find it end half-way through the book. The remainder consists of a thin story called "The Headless Man," which affords some creepy moments if read at dead of night.

"Her Majesty's Rebels." By Sidney Royse Lysaght. (London: Macmillan, 1907. Price 6s.)

This is the story of Mr. Parnell, with variations. The writer hopes we shall understand that "no attempt has been made to suggest a portrait of that great national leader." What has evidently happened is this: the writer never knew Parnell, but he concocted a portrait from gossip and newspapers and the usual historical sources—a sympathetic but not very accurate portrait. Then he took his brush and made a few trifling alterations in the vain hope of disguising his subject. The shadows are all there, some of them perhaps too dark, but there are many redeeming lights, and the general effect is bound to arouse enthusiasm.

The story, being very Irish, is naturally very discursive. But the interest is admirably sustained, the subsidiary characters are all alive, the incidents are dramatic, the local colour is admirable, and the style is full of dignity. I scarcely know of anything more which the most exacting reader may require. I certainly found it difficult to lay the book down, and I venture to prophesy for it a great success.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

XII.—A NEW THING COME TO ISRAEL.

The other Sunday the proprietors had the honour to extract from my personal pocket the sum of one penny for a new work of art bearing the title, *The Weekly Illustrated*. I purchase the first numbers of all newspapers and periodicals in order to see what new thing (if any) has come into Israel. As a rule, I find that no new thing has come—that one new penn'orth, or one new ha'porth, is as much like another as a sardine is like a sprat. But in this instance I found a new thing. I found a new style of English—original, breezy, instinct with grace and beauty; breathing, in fact, what I may call a balmy air. I have not seen a balmier air in any English which has come my way for many moons.

On the front page of this new art journal there is a picture of an open carriage. The carriage is like any other carriage of its class, and within ladies and gentlemen are comfortably seated. Indeed, if I could spare the time I would not mind being seated in a carriage of that sort myself. Beneath the picture the editor is good enough to explain, and thus he begins:—"Seated Denmark driving from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace yes." I knew Denmark was a small country to live in, but I was surprised to learn that it could be accommodated in a carriage. I was still more surprised when I looked for it to find that it wasn't there. However, it struck me that perhaps the editor was running a jocular paper, and that this was one of the jokes. So I read on: "Edward and the King of on the back seat of the carriage in the large photograph are King the Duke of Connaught." "Odds life!" says I to myself says I. "What the—but he's going in for puzzles now, and peradventure will offer a pound of tea or a large sized piano for the solution. I will hie me to it again presently. Let us proceed."

Consequently I proceeded. "Denmark," I read, "and opposite their Majesties are the Prince of Wales and seated facing towards in the smaller photograph the Queens of England and Denmark are Royal guests, who had lahe left." "Thunder and lightning!" I murmured gently, as I scratched my head and poured out more refreshment. "Why had lahe left? Wasn't lahe right, or what was the matter with him, and who, or why, or where is lahe anyhow?" On the whole it did not look as if I stood much chance of winning that piano, if any, though there is plenty of room for it in our house, for I am dead tired of hearing the one we have. But I am hopeful and persevering, so I read on: "A great crowd assembled at Victoria Station, and gave our their Majesties will motornded at Portsmouth in the morning, a hearty greeting." I did not take the sparkling glass from my lips; it dropped, and I was at least fivepence out of pocket so far—a penny for the paper and fourpence for the whisky. "Julius Cæsar!" I cried. "Where are we getting to now? First Denmark is in the carriage, then Edward and the King is on the back seat, then lahe left, and now a great crowd is at Victoria Station will motornded at Portsmouth in the morning. It doesn't seem likely, somehow. Why should a great crowd assemble at Victoria Station to give our their Majesties will motornded at Portsmouth? And if they should, why did they?" Then it dawned on me that perhaps they had all been out on the previous evening, and the effects had not yet worn off. Even now, after days of reflection, that seems to me the probable explanation. You never can tell what a crowd will do when it is in drink. Life is manifold in its subtleties.

Without settling this problem I adjusted my pince-nez and proceeded to the last paragraph. "On Monday," I read, "they drive in the King and Queen of d on Tuesday visit the Horse Show at Olympia." "The dickens they do!" I exclaimed, with my hair on end and the beads of intellectual struggle on my fevered brow. This must be a new game, or a special mark of affection, or something. Who drives? And why do they drive in the King and Queen of d? What has gone wrong with the carriage? Has it sprained its back seat, or what? And how will they find room in the King and Queen of d? And who are the King and Queen of d? I've never heard of 'em, or it. Seems to me everybody and everything in this carriage is horribly mixed up. On Monday I learned from the *Mirror*, the *Mail*, the *Evening News* and other suprising organs that owing to an unprecedented demand the whole issue had been sold out in two hours, or two minutes, or something of that kind. I am not surprised. A new thing *had* come to Israel.

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This is the time of year that the chemist shops reap a rich harvest, but what actual benefit do any of us get from dosing our systems with medicine? Turn over a new leaf. Infinitely more good can be done by infusing a strong, steady stream of Galvanic Electricity into your body. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Battery will tone up your system in the right way, and save you loss of time and doctor's bills.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Female Conscription.

In a weekly journal has appeared the statement that Germany, not satisfied with conscripting its men folk, is about to try a similar experiment with the fair sex. Fraulein is not to be instructed in the art of forward march, right wheel, etc., or in that of pulling a trigger, but is to be taught to repair the consequences of successful pulling of the trigger on the part of the enemy. In short, the idea is that every female, of whatever rank, shall, on arriving at a stated age, be compelled to devote a year to qualifying as an army nurse.

It does not seem to me either a necessary or a reasonable proceeding—but there! I daresay my opinion on the matter won't be asked. The contribution of the average woman towards the defence of her native land lies first and foremost in bringing into the world and rearing the soldier; then of paying a full share, directly or indirectly, in the taxation for armaments; of inspiring the departing warrior with courage and ardour; and, quite possibly, of buckling to and earning the family income while the aforesaid warrior is away exercising his courage and enthusiasm.

War nursing, even without any State compulsion, finds more than sufficient devotees. One woman for every man may be very desirable in marriage, but one nurse for every soldier in a war would be rather an overwhelming order. Think, too, how each soldier would be frowned upon and led to clearly understand that he had neglected his obvious duty if he failed to get himself nicely wounded, so as to thereby enable his own particular nurse to have a fair chance of proving her skill. Maybe the German authorities would declare that they do not propose to take all the duly qualified ladies to the front, but then think what jealousies and heart burnings the selection would create when feminine patriotism was ablaze.

Perhaps, however, I mistake what would happen. It may be that German girls would object to being forcibly transformed into military ministering angels. What then? Shades of Lycurgus! We are told that when that great law-giver, with a view to eliminating luxury from Sparta by shaming the glutton and the heavy drinker, ordained that all men should take their meals in common in the market square, the order was the cause of tremendous uproars and riots, in the course of which the legislator himself got his eye spiked out. Nevertheless, he ultimately carried the day. But when he thought to prescribe the same routine for the women of Sparta, what happened? What riots, what revolutions, what rebellion? History gives no clue. We are merely informed, with true Spartan brevity, that "the women objecting, the attempt failed." Well, it *was* most unreasonable! Think of the babies, and the spring cleaning, and not being able to have a single meal unless you dressed yourself up and trotted off to the market place! Similar objections might be raised with like results by the Teutonic dames and damsels.

Amazons Ready and Waiting.

There are unquestionably a considerable number of strong and plucky young women, overflowing with enterprise and vitality, whose more virile qualities never obtain full scope to develop and expand in the ordinary routine of life, and for whom the perils and excitements of war-time would possess allurements similar to those that then assail the courageous young man. Physical bravery, endurance, patriotism, and love of adventure are not qualities restricted to the male sex, and there is not a shadow of doubt in my mind but that were the opportunity offered for women to face hardships and the loss of life or limb in the service of old England, not a few would be found eager and ready to brave all perils.

A few years ago a young lady did conceive the idea of a volunteer corps under War Office control founded on this supposition. It was to consist of women volunteers, who were to be ready to venture on the field of battle, within the fighting line, while the actual combat was in progress, in order to render first aid to the wounded, and to carry them in ambulances off the field, and to deliver them into the nearest military hospital. These girl volunteers—who, of course, in times of peace were to pursue their own ordinary and personal avocations—were to be trained also in the use of arms, in order that they might be able to defend the wounded if called upon to do so.

The War Office declined to consider the matter, and so the idea fell through, but the amount of enthusiastic encouragement received from other young women by the lady in whose brain the idea arose was sufficient to show that such a scheme is full of possibilities, and justifies the supposition that if women take no active part beyond that of nursing in the actual business of warfare, it is not owing

either to congenital incapacity or reluctance, but to the fact that such service is not required or deemed desirable by those who possess authority over the army arrangements.

The Cuisine.

Now that salmon and salmon-trout are about, no doubt John Bull's womenfolk will be glad to hear of various ways of cooking this delicious fish.

Firstly, then, saumon bordelaise. For this, cook the fish in equal parts of light claret and fish stock, with about one ounce of butter. When ready, the salmon should be put upon a hot dish, and a good Genevoise sauce prepared in the following way, poured over it:—Boil half a pint of espagnole flavoured with essence of anchovy; add a few drops of lemon, a spoonful of claret, and a bit of butter, which latter will dissolve in the heat of the sauce.

Saumon a la Genevese.

Herbs, shallots, carrots, two bay leaves, cayenne, and a sprinkling of salt, are needed among other things for this dish. The bottom of a stewpan should be well rubbed with butter, and the before-mentioned ingredients put into it. Stir well for ten minutes, and then add four tablespoons of Madeira or sherry. Simmer the mixture for half an hour, and strain through a hair sieve over the fish, which should now be stewed in this gravy till it is sufficiently cooked.

I WISH MY FRIEND WOULD SIN—ONCE.

By Frank Fowell.

No doubt you have had a friend like that. A dear, correct person, with none of life's scars on him; whose life has had no superlative temptations, no thrilling episodes, no overwhelming defeats; one whose life has flowed as smoothly as a river of oil; whose blood is too thin and too cold to have ever whirled him to foolishness.

I have such a friend, and my affection for him is strong. But I am constantly regretting that he has not more brawn and hot blood, more strong, human juices in him. He has never got into the bustle of life—his physical constitution is too weak, his tastes too quiet and calm.

He has never felt any of life's greatest thrills. When other men have struggled and fought, he has skirted round the group and wondered curiously at the passion and virile joy of it all. He would never dare to rush into the arena, he feels no thrill at the war-cry, no hot manly impulse to fight his way to the front.

He is quite content to move along quietly in the rear, and he does not recognise that what he imagines is calm philosophy is a real physical defect. His heart pumps too slowly, his feet are too cold.

And I sometimes wish that my friend would sin—once.

Because his judgments are becoming too hard and dogmatic, and lacking in warm human sympathies. Never having felt the strong call of the blood himself, he cannot understand its strength in others. He feebly imagines that his puny system of morality or religion would as easily regulate other men's lives as it does his own. He does not see that different curbs are needed for a human Niagara and a quiet little brook.

He cannot make human allowance for frailty in others. Where other more manly and virile men pity a man in trouble, he is prompted to condemn. If a man wilfully sins, he says he must expect to suffer. All sin—the word is too often on his lips—all sin is wilful in his eyes. The man failed because he didn't do this or did do that. He really cannot understand the terrific struggle, or the tremendous odds against the fighter.

He has never attempted anything that was not quite *safe* and easily within his powers. He has never got out of the rut and pushed ahead alone across the uninviting fields of human achievement. He has been content to follow in the rear, to take advantage of the work of the pioneers, and to criticise—a little too hardly—the pioneers who fail.

And I really wish he would sin—once. Just to teach him that the absence of great faults in his life is due to the absence of great strength or great effort. He has never got into trouble because he is too tame, too conventional, too effeminate. His virtue is that of a young girl, only he will never feel the joyous thrills that come even to healthy young womanhood. He will always be correct, and dogmatic, and narrow, always a little mawkish and too prone to talk of "sin."

And I am genuinely sorry, because he is missing so much. He has missed the glorious intoxication of perfect health and virility, and lives on milk and lemon juice.

I wish he would sin—once.

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BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the Premier is *not* a "doctor of laws."

That the Chinese coolies in South Africa want to go home.

That the Tube Railways may "fare higher and do worse."

That the Mayor of Coventry will wear smoked glasses when he heads the Godiva procession.

That the re-appearance of "John Orth" is orthentic.

That the Moderate audit victory was received with cheers by the auditors.

That in view of our Ballot Scheme, the Bank is increasing the issue of fivers.

That subscriptions to the Union Jack Club are flagging.

That in the *Weakly Illustrated* "every picture tells a story."

That cricketers are consoling themselves with the reflection that it is grand weather for "ducks."

In supporting the Bill for women councillors, Lord Crewe said, "Women already sit on some 9,000 bodies." But surely there are more married men than that?

"Tariff Reform Flags," reads an *Express* heading. Truth *will* out.

A boy named Sell was recently charged with stealing ladies' underclothing, which he wore beneath his own clothes Apparently he wanted to be a dam-sell.

ODD EVENS:—

Even a blind gets pulled up.
Even a needle is run in.
Even a post stands up for itself.
Even an envelope is stuck up.
Even a barrow gets the push.
Even a book can be shut up.
Even a nail gets hard hit.
Even water spouts.
Even a lamp is wicked.
Even money gets paid out.
Even a telephone wire may be talked over.
Even a candle sticks.
Even smoke gets sucked in.
Even a plate gets put upon.
Even a glass reflects.
Even a buckle has a tongue of its own.
Even an egg has a yolk to bear.

"I want to be honest—if possible," said an alderman at Newport Town Council recently. It's a wise man who knows his own limitations.

"The Burning Torch," is the title of a book. It is just out.

The motor car is the latest form of theatrical advertisement. Recently Miss Kitty Gordon was shot in hers, and Mr. Will Evans was shot out of his.

To the query "What is this the Age of?" employers who are insuring against the Workmen's Compensation Act unhesitatingly reply "The dam-age."

A New York boy of five is said to smoke fifteen cigarettes a day. He finds life a fag.

"It talks to you," a tobacco advertisement is headed. A poor recommendation to married men.

"Though meagre before luncheon, the attendance swelled up afterwards," says a paper, reporting a local entertainment. A Corporation affair, evidently.

Mr. Rose-Innes is the Conservative candidate for Jarrow. The Liberals trust that Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes' name, after the poll, will not appear "under the rose."

A man at Kingston when in the dock began eating his lunch. He soon got his deserts.

By a misprint the *D.N.* described an actor, taking the part of Mephistopheles, as wearing a red *wing*. Not so bad after all, for Old Nick is always fly.

A father removed his son from a school because there was a frog in his bed. But the schoolmaster said it was a dog. Perhaps it was grog. They got into a fog over the frog and the dog.

Judge Smith said recently, "when ladies kiss me I generally hold my tongue." Why not theirs?

In the Rutland election we had the strange spectacle of two gentlemen anxious to pick Oakham.

The Bryce case is said to have cost some ten thousand odd. Will the husband now consider his wife a dear Bryce?

The Harmsworths have at last achieved their ambition. They have bought the *Globe*. We always knew they meant to have it.

A hydropathic establishment advertises in a Staffordshire paper, "Ideal place for pic-nics. Strictly temperance. Sunday excepted." After a week of "strict temperance," Sunday must be greatly appreciated.

In referring to the death of a lady, the *Down Recorder* is responsible for the statement that she "was the mother of ten children, thirty-five grandchildren, and twenty-eight great-grandchildren."

The vicar of a Windsor church has put up a memorial brass "in pious memory" of a lady "who added £60 to the vicar's stipend . . . on whose soul may God have mercy." A bit ambiguous, to say the least.

A Blackburn labourer, whilst intoxicated, is said to have "climbed a wall 30 ft. high to swim across the canal, hoping to escape the police." What was the canal doing on top of that 30 ft. wall?

PARADOX:—
A fireman works while he plays.
When a company is "wound up" it stops.
A tyred cycle runs best.
When shares fall, we want to know what's up.
When taken in we are often put out.
A small piece of cheese is often mitey.
A golfer drives on his feet.
We don't always see the point on the spur of the moment.
When the stars are out they give the best light.
A blow on the water often picks you up.
At the seaside, a brunette is often sandy.

Is Bridge a game of skill or luck? If you win, it is a game of skill; if you lose, it is bad luck.

We are told that sword practice is the best exercise for the arms. It is the arms that help the shoulder-blade.

Mr. Edison considers that we should do without sleep. No wonder he invented the phonograph.

The Balloon Race was very popular. Even the thunder clapped.

A golfer at Fairhaven, after a drive, found his ball in a nest of larks. Difficult to swallow!

The man at Rochdale who revived whilst being measured for his coffin, is progressing favourably. The hearse was not required; it was simply a rehearsal.

The first sulphur matches were made in 1829, but there was a Lucifer in the garden of Eden.

Raisuli has been offered a pension if he will refrain from further embarrassments, and he is reported to have had an offer of a music-hall engagement. He would do well in "Morocco Bound."

SOME WELLERISMS:—
"It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," as the man said when the chimney-pot killed his mother-in-law.
"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," as the father said when he heard through the keyhole that it was twins.
"Never despise small things," as the man said who made a fortune out of insect powder.
"Let well alone," as the man said who had got typhoid through drinking bad water.
"This is so sudden," as the motorist said as he collided with a lamp-post.
"Where there's a will there's a way," as the forger said when he altered the will in his favour.
"One good turn deserves another," as the convict said on the treadmill.
"All is not gold that glitters," as the maiden said when she dyed her hair.
"Let sleeping dogs lie," as the burglar said as he crept by the bull dog.
"I've had a drop too much," as the drunken man said when he fell downstairs.
"Procrastination is the thief of time," as the man said who lost the watch he had intended to pawn.
"He who hesitates is lost," as the man said when the motor car rolled over him.

A Kentucky man named Tally wrote "Wife wanted" on an egg, and the result is his coming marriage with a lady who ate the egg. We sincerely trust that the egg will be binding.

A somebody in the clerical line says that "if more clergymen attended race meetings the character of such meetings would improve." We hardly think the Bookies would appreciate "Firstly, secondly, thirdly, all in, run or not."

A Rochdale man has left £6,000 for "encouraging artistic journalists." We have heard of artistic liars, but what is an artistic journalist?

Mr. Touche is to be the Unionist candidate for North Islington at the next Parliamentary vacancy. Will it be a case of Touche—and go?

As the Whit Sun gave us such an inglorious performance, it is to be hoped for the next bank holiday he will make a more August appearance.

"By express desire the British flag was not hoisted over the hotel where the Queen stayed in Rome." The sting of it is in the *Express* desire.

Railway servants are again unhappy. Mr. Bell has been tolled, and will endeavour to wring some further concessions from the companies.

A Socialist recently suggested that each man should have a house of his own. But why not a street? As a beginning, we suggest the following might be divided:—
Dressmakers.—Threadneedle Street.
Builders.—Brick Lane.
Sailors.—Fleet Street.
Soldiers.—Cannon Street.
Carpenters.—Wood Street.
Boatmen.—The Strand.
Corn Chandlers.—Haymarket.
Undertakers.—St. Paul's Churchyard.
Solicitors.—Bond Street.
Bootmakers.—Shoe Lane.
Huntsmen.—Houndsditch.
Doctors.—Constitution Hill.
Lovers.—Love Lane and Bride Street.
Teetotalers.—Water Lane.
Clowns.—Finsbury Circus.
Elderly people.—Old Street.
Clergymen.—Amen Corner.
Prisoners.—Fetter Lane.
Burglars.—Newgate Street.

Most sports pale before fencing.

Another case of overcrowding. Near Bishop's Stortford is a nest containing eight partridges' and six wild ducks' eggs. The birds get to business alternately. The ducks are wild.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's chauffeur being charged at Marylebone with exceeding the speed limit, Mr. Plowden said "it was clearly a case for Preference." To us it seems rather a case for protection.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

WE have invited Mr. Herbert Vivian to reply to a few letters concerning some of his recent reviews and articles, and this is how he does it:—

"I am always pleased when foolish folk are angry with me, for it shows that I strike home. Some recent reviews of mine have caused many thorns to crackle under the pot, and my readers may like to share the joke.

"W. A. H. (Bayswater) calls me a 'self-sufficient fool,' and asks whether I am 'so appalling ignorant' as not to know that 'an Agnostic's profession of nescience refers to the first causes of things, concerning which the religious individual has to invent a Deity and furnish that same Deity with human attributes.' A Mr. Chesterton, it appears, made 'the same idiotic blunder.' W. A. H. politely invites the editor to 'choke the ass,' meaning me. All this serves to fortify my contention that so-called free-thinkers are far more intolerant than the most bigoted believers. The name 'Agnostic' is certainly well chosen. It is merely the Greek word for ignoramus, and the ignorance applies not only to first causes but to the whole spiritual side of life.

"J. S. A. R. (New Cross) says my 'faculty of observation must have become atrophied,' because I ventured to express a hope that Britons never, never would be slaves. I quite agree with him that our freedom is limited. Some people, as he points out, are under the dominion of alcohol and tobacco. We suffer from too much grandmotherly legislation. Taxation is in many respects tyrannical. Compulsory vaccination is an infringement of personal rights. I am quite aware of these elementary facts. I have even read Herbert Spencer. But I fail to see how J. S. A. R. reconciles his very sound views with the advocacy of conscription, an intolerable form of slavery to which Britons will never submit.

"'TOMMY ATKINS' (Lincoln) writes with more vehemence than courtesy on the same subject. He says I 'ought to be tarred and feathered'; I have evidently 'only just been put into knickers'; I am a 'whipper-snapper' who would 'run away with his tail between his legs at the smell of powder'; I am advised to learn to shoot and practise on myself because 'such skunks ought not to be allowed to live.' This is all very gratifying, but it does not prove very much. My critic asks whether it is slavery 'to be enrolled under your country's flag, to fight, aye, and to lay down your life for it if necessary.' Certainly not, in the case of men who become soldiers of their own free will. But it would undoubtedly be slavery if everyone, willing or unwilling, were compelled to give up the best years of his life to be dragooned in a barrack. At an emergency, no doubt every able-bodied male would rally to the defence of the land, but an invasion is impossible so long as our Navy is unbeaten, and, were our Navy defeated, even a conscript army would not suffice to repel invaders. I am patriotic enough to believe that the British Army is quite strong enough to hold its own in any encounter which may reasonably be expected of it.

"So much for the opponents of civil and religious liberty."

"JAMES CROW" (Hucknall Torkard).—We agree that plays founded on recent trials are undesirable. If murders are acted, why not divorces?

"ANXIOUS" (Swindon) asks "the correct finger on which the gentleman should wear an engagement ring, also on which finger the dress ring should be worn." We never heard of a "dress ring," but we advise that the curtain ring should be worn on the big toe.

R. F. D. (Acton Green).—Quite right—the little stranger was a sequel to the midnight guest. Or perhaps he was a midnight guest himself.

R. N. C. (London, S.W.).—It depends on the liver.

"JACK" (Peckham) calls us "dad" and "good old dear," and sends us six liver pills as a birthday present. We are to take two "the first night." What first night? With reference to our advertisements he exclaims, "My word! You are copping them, as the boy said to the policeman. It's taken me all my time to find the news this week."

A. J. (Bayswater) informs us that, doubtless owing to our frequent exposures, the Brahmo Lever Watch Company has changed its name, and is now carried on as John D. Macdonald and Co., of 96, Newgate Street. It was quite obvious, however, from the literature that it emanated from the same source.

S. B. B. (West Ham) sends us a photo. of the John Bull Coffee House, with a collie dog sitting at the door, holding a notice to the effect that he always dines there, and near at hand an imitation milestone with the inscription, "No house to equal this within two miles." The best part of the scheme, however, is the large lettering, "JOHN BULL," over the door. That should be sufficient to ensure the proprietor a roaring business.

F. G. J. (Leeds).—Let us agree to differ. In the meantime Jim Crow's portrait is well in hand, but it is a rare job to tackle. Several cameras have already broken down in the attempt.

B. S. (Forest Gate) has invented a system by which "a baby could pick the winners." The plan is to back the top-weight in every race. We don't understand how this would have pointed to Orby in the Derby. Nor can we encourage gambling in the nursery.

"CONSTANT READER," desiring to grow moss on his upper lip, sent 3d. to Mr. S. Dalmet, 42, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., for pomade, but only received a request for another shilling. Lord Northcliffe ought not to publish such misleading advertisements, but our correspondent will be much more comfortable and appetising with a clean face.

"How the suffragette have they got hold of my signature?" S. D. (Southport) asks about the Brahmo Watch Company. We are glad to hear of a new oath.

G. A. P. (Hull) is a Christian minister, and head of a big mission in Hull, but is satisfied to work on an income of £100 a year. He is glad we are able at times to distinguish between a man "who professes Christianity and a man who *is* a Christian." But why only "at times"?

INDIGNANT (Crewe).—You say we seem to think that some clergymen "are not fit for the society of rogues and scoundrels." You are quite mistaken.

NELLY H. (Derby).—We once owned a mare of your name, and she was a good 'un. We sold her to go to Africa. When did you come back? You'll always find a welcome at the old stable.

"CRAIG-IN-PERIL" (Temple) is in a dilemma. He is in the habit of travelling by the London County Council trams, the stoppages of which result in his receiving "continued jerks, causing a constant oscillation and swaying of the passengers' bodies one against another." He is afraid to report the matter to the Council lest they should hold these exercises to be for the physical benefit of the passengers. He thinks they might even favourably consider an increase of wages to the driver, with the consequent raising of the fares, as a reward for "free hygienic treatment," and he asks our advice. Our advice is, continue the treatment—but always take care to sit next to a lady passenger.

LEX (London).—We agree that the Criminal Appeal Bill, as drafted, requires much amendment. You may rely on us to keep a sharp eye on it, and to do our best to improve it.

ABSTAINER (Leeds).—Don't you know that several life-long abstainers also voted against the Bill? *All* teetotalers are not fanatics.

C. W. P. (London, N.E.) thinks the placing of sawdust on the floor of the Great Eastern Railway third-class carriages is inconsistent with their notice prohibiting spitting. What *can* be the object of it?

H. F. (Shepherd's Bush).—Tell your friend not to be frightened at the trick "County Court" circular of E. Todds and Son, 25, St. John's Road, Clapham Junction. Should Todds really proceed, your friend should send their blue "notice" to the Registrar of the County Court, and tell him the facts. It, as well as the demand for money on a postcard, is highly discreditable.

"ALPHA" (London, E.C.), having read Mrs. Bull's strictures on medical men, informs us that he was fooled into an operation for hemorrhoids some years ago by a fashionable surgeon. On a recent return of the complaint he was put to rights by a medical friend in two visits of less than five minutes each. He kindly offers the benefit of his experience to any readers who will subscribe to a consumption hospital in the event of a cure. That will be the omega of the transaction.

F. W. W. (Huddersfield).—There has been a great run on our biscuits lately, and we are afraid we can't spare the *Leeds Mercury* one this time.

DINGO (Cape Town).—Many thanks for interesting law report. We have dealt with the matter editorially. You are certainly in advance of us in your marriage laws. Always glad to hear from boys at the Cape.

L. B. T. (London, S.W.) called on Scott and Co., credit tailors, Old Change, Cheapside, and arranged to have a suit of clothes for 5s. deposit, 10s. on delivery, and the balance of 55s. in weekly instalments. He was asked for, and gave a reference, but said he could give no security. When the clothes were ready, Scott and Co. refused to deliver them unless security or the balance were forthcoming, and L. B. T. has been unable to recover his 5s. What have Scott and Co. to say in explanation?

A. R. B. K. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You appear to have been badly treated. We will show your letter to the member of Parliament for your division and see, between us, what can be done. You may rely upon Mr. Haldane's justice.

R. W. A. (Coventry) is down on the special correspondent of the *Daily Mail* for claiming the credit of having taken over to the Isle of Man races R. W. A.'s 30 h.p. Beeston Humber. Perhaps the fumes of the petrol had got into the special correspondent's head.

"M. OF KENT" (Birkenhead).—Thanks for help and good wishes. Do not be in a hurry to insure your office-boy.

"BULL-BAITER" (Southend) sends a funny article from the *Southend Telegraph*, in which we read: "Now both of them are in the Great Beyond, Robert Buchanan lying away to the east a very few miles from where I am writing this." It is not everybody who knows the geography of "the Great Beyond" so precisely. May we see a map? The whole paper is full of gems One of the best is the description of a "nice quiet dog" as "a noisy one."

J. C. (Balham) thought he had caught us napping, but finds he napped himself, and now goes misere with an apology, which we freely accept.

R. C. W. (Richmond) lives at a vicarage, but has an unhappy habit of sleeping in church. He wants a Brahmo watch to time the sermon, but we fear he will have to buy a chain first.

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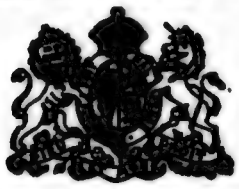

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"WRATZ" (Swiss Cottage) favours us with an extensive criticism of our journal, and ends up by urging us to wring Jim Crow's neck, throw Larry Lynx into the river, dissolve our Bull's Eyes, and keep Mrs. Bull in the barnyard—finally offering his services as our musical critic. We can quite understand his statement that in that capacity, though just, he would not be generous.

"A VICTIM" complains that he is a ledger clerk at Waring and Gillow's, and is badly treated. In the ordinary way he gets 1s. 6d. a night for overtime up to nine o'clock, but he recently had to work till eleven, and received the special remuneration of 2s. He thinks, in these circumstances, the shareholders may expect a dividend after all. We hope so.

"FOG" (Ipswich) has a friend who has invented a wonderful apparatus whereby people can see clearly through a fog. All that is now necessary is that someone should finance it. Jim Crow says he will have the first instrument—on approbation.

N. T. (Knightsbridge) says certain people argue from our insertion of the obvious advertisement of Wolfe and Hollander, entitled "From East to West," that we will do anything for money. We would point out that *Truth* and other strict journals took this advertisement in the same form. It is obviously an advertisement, and the firm is without reproach.

"LOGIA" (Hove).—The alien "peril" has been grossly exaggerated for party purposes. We are proud to think of England as a sanctuary for all foreigners who are desolate or oppressed.

J. S. A. D. (New Cross).—There is point in your letter, but it is too late in the day now to discuss the abstract justice of Old Age Pensions. They go hand-in-hand with elementary education and school meals.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

ART IN THE PAPERS.

THE RAGGED CHILDREN'S KNIGHT.

"Art is long and time is fleeting," sings the American poet. We take this example of modern art from the sacred pages of the *Morning Leader*, and by early post we are sending it for exhibition to the New Gallery, where the unique and the inspiring have the best chance of attaining the loftier summits of glory. Our revered contemporary entitles the picture the "Ragged Children's Knight," and certainly there is much night about it. As our readers will observe, the pose and colouring are highly original, the massive shadows making a striking contrast to the nebulous haze which hangs over the houses. But the most wonderful feature of the picture is the face—a beaming, good-natured, honest face, and yet strong of purpose.

The *Leader* identifies the "Ragged Children's Knight" as Sir John Kirk, and we understand Sir John himself acknowledges that the hat and feet are an excellent likeness. He also thinks that his wife might have been able to recognise his face if the *Leader* had washed it. What he desired to know, however, was whether the picture is the reward of fame or the punishment for sin; also whether the *Leader* is going to send copies to his friends in the knowledge that he is dearly beloved by all who know him? We are sorry we can give no information on the matter, but the art editor of our contemporary will doubtless oblige with information.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

Unanswerable.
We often wonder how some people are ALLOWED to own horses.

No. 6-7 there.
There is no limit as between top and bottom weights in South African handicaps.

One Can't get Both.
Some owners have too many friends to get a price about their horse.

The All Black.
Colonel Fenwick, the popular owner of Craghead, is Silver Stick-in-Waiting to the King.

Form.
If you follow the book it would, at times, "get you locked up."

A Tribute to Sport.
It is rightly said that Newmarket depends upon racing for its entire support, and never knows destitution.

The Cognescenti:
Is it true that some of the touts at certain training centres do not know one horse from another?

Succour's Trainer.
Captain Dewhurst, although called an Irishman, and chiefly associated with Irish horses, is an Englishman.

Why?
Frank Hartigan is very much more suspicious as a trainer than he was as a jockey!

Which Pays Best?
Mr. Walter Raphael, the owner of My Pet II., Sagamore, etc., is one of the leaders of the American market on 'Change.

Different Men, Different Manners.
In America the jockeys weigh out in the saddling paddock, and weigh in at the judge's box—after the style of our trotting meetings here.

Sourdine.
Unless they have run in England, how is it possible for English riders to ever really "give" French-bred and trained animals?

The Thing to Know.
Some days the whole of the representatives of a stable are "out of blood"; on others, one after another, their runners are "going easy."

An Optical Illusion.
Notice if you keep looking at race-horses walking round and round in a paddock, or anywhere, you can almost think that most of them are lame in one way or other.

What's the Deduction?
With what haste backers scurry into Tattersall's from the paddock before a race—and how gloomily the great majority *stroll out* after it!

The Money Speaks.
A certain noble lord, owner of an Ascot favourite, last week witnessed the horse's work on the Downs. A friend with him congratulated him upon the manner in which his candidate had galloped, to which the significant reply was: "Yes, he goes all right here, but let's see how he goes in the clubs between 12 and 2."

Owners have to Pay all round.
Various arrangements are made at different training centres relative to the charges to be paid to use the downs. Some trainers buy the downs outright; others rent them, while at Newmarket a certain charge—7 guineas per head—is made for each horse trained there. At Epsom a fairer and less expensive method is adopted, for trainers are charged for the AVERAGE number of their string at a rate which approximates 25 shillings per quarter.

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Aggravation to Backers.
Last week was really noticeable for the ending of an inordinate sequence of ill-luck by two horses who have for long been street-corner tips. I refer to Standen and Zarifer. After "following" animals for about two seasons, when they win at last on odds on it gives a very poor recompense monetarily. But how frequently we do find horses who apparently cannot win anything, turn over an entirely new leaf directly they happen to break the ice. Thus Zarifer had no sooner won a little welter at Lewes, than the very next day—despite his penalty—he ran away with the Handicap. Similarly, too, comes Winnie K.'s case, for she took a full year to win anything, and then immediately, although put very high in the scale, copied her Epsom success at Hurst Park.

The Cycle of Fortune.
Not so very long ago we used to marvel at the wonderful luck and glorious weather invariably associated with the Richmond Horse Show. Just as that very desirable commodity had become a tradition the tide turned, and the last three or four seasons the show—especially on the fashionable Saturday—has been utterly ruined by the terribly wet weather. It was so again last week, which was all the more unfortunate, as, owing to the presence in England of so many American and foreign show horses, the gathering was assured of abnormal success. Just preceding it, but by no means injuring Richmond—rather the reverse—the International Horse Show, held for the first time at Olympia, proved a success beyond all anticipation. The arrangements and the magnificence of everything down to the details were so thorough that everybody was pleased, and the show is certain to be repeated next year, if not continuously each season.

Come and Help us.
The fourth annual cricket match between the leading jockeys, captained by Mornington Cannon, and the Amateur Champion Athletes, captained by the writer, will be played at Kennington Oval on Monday, July 1, the entire proceeds being devoted to the Lord Mayor's "Cripples Fund." Play will begin at 11.30 and last until 7. Admission 6d.; ladies free. Stands 6d. and 1s. extra. Band of the City of London Police. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, with their suites, will be present at the match. Each of the players will be identified by wearing a number. The team (probably 13 a-side) will be selected from the following:—Jockeys: M. Cannon (captain), D. Maher, G. M'Call, C. Trigg, W. Griggs, W. Higgs, B. Dillon, H. Jones, J. Plant, L. Lyne, T. Cannon, jun., G. Williamson, E. Hunt, J. Hunt, A. Newey, and J. Woodman. Amateur Champion Athletes: J. W. Morton (100 yards champion), H. L. Doherty (lawn tennis champion), J. H. Secker (punting champion), E. Payne (cycling champion), A. Underwood (long distance champion), F. H.

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CRICKET MATCH
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Under the Patronage and presence of the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and Sheriffs of the City of London.
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LEADING JOCKEYS
Captained by M. CANNON,
V. The
Amateur Champion Athletes
Captained by W. LOTINGA
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Play 11.30 until 7. Admission 6d. Ladies Free. Stands Extra
BAND OF THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE
Each of the Players will be identifiable by wearing a Number.
FOR TEAMS SEE PRESS.

Hulford (four miles champion), F. B. Thompson (walking champion), H. T. Blackstaffe (sculling champion), Jay Gould (tennis champion), M. Wells (boxing champion), J. Ball, jun. (golf champion), A. C. Bellerby (public schools champion), Lord Hugh Grosvenor (polo), P. R. Munro (Scotland's Rugby Captain, H. P. Hardman (Association International), George Thursby (amateur champion jockey), C. H. Jupp (sprint champion), G. Logan (England's hockey captain), K. Hellstrom (athletic champion of Sweden), W. Lotinga ("Larry Lynx") (captain). Umpires during the game: Sir Thos. Dewar, Horatio Bottomley, M.P., G. P. Huntley, S. Loates, George Robey, Ivor Anthony, Robt. Evett, R. Gore, and P. Peebles.

Prophetic.

It only needed the prevalence of the belated summer weather to make Ascot a huge success, for socially it is always so, and this year most of the cracks of all ages had engagements which they were to fulfil. Before to-day (Thursday) the form has been very much run through, but it looks a very safe prediction to hope that THE WHITE KNIGHT will win the Gold Cup; while, if he has not competed earlier, SLIEVE GALLION—over a mile course—must take the St. James Palace Stakes; and POLAR STAR, another dethroned idol, the Rous Memorial. In the Wokingham Stakes, which is usually governed by the Hunt Cup form, I shall go solely for

BILLIDERE,

who is nicely handicapped, and whose proper course six furlongs really is. On sounder going than at Haydock Park, I think GALLINAGO will win the Royal June Handicap at Windsor on Saturday.

Apropos of next week's issue, the Northumberland Plate will have been decided. Dependent entirely, of course, upon how she fares at Ascot, BIBIANI looks the pick of the handicap, and, if she fails badly or is penalised, I do not see what will beat MINTAGON, on this, to him, much more suitable course than Epsom.

Ne'er cast a clout till May be out,
The same applies while June's about,
And still for safety keep them by,
In case we have a cold July.
When August comes *perhaps* you may
Then put your winter things away;
Tho' should September turn out chilly,
To cast your clouts were surely silly;
And should October sleet and rain,
Why, then! our winter's here again.

F. R.

Those of our readers who are under the unfortunate necessity of staining their hair can be recommended to try the "Junon" Hair Stain, manufactured by "Junon," Ltd., as that preparation is guaranteed to be absolutely free from injurious chemicals, and is the only permanent one solution hair stain on the market.

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In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

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WHICH IS FALLING OUT OR PREMATURELY GREY EXCEPT

CAPSULOIDS

Because Nothing But CAPSULOIDS Does or Can Destroy the Germs and thus Remove the Cause.

A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN SAYS: "One of my most intelligent patients told me yesterday that I might call Capsuloids 'humbug,' but that they were a most wonderful medicine. He asked me to look at his hair and see the effect. He certainly does look well. He is not the first person who has spoken thus highly of them. Please send me six boxes under plain wrapper, as I feel I must experiment and satisfy myself."

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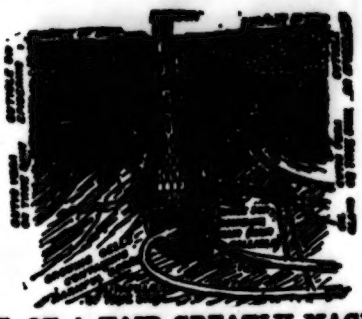

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c.o. Cosley Rectory, Near Coventry.
Gentlemen.—I feel it my duty to thank you for the great benefit I have received by the taking of Capsuloids for my hair. This was coming out in great quantities, but after taking a course of Capsuloids my hair is now completely restored. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this.
Yours respectfully,
F. L. FIRMAN.

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF A HAIR GREATLY MAGNIFIED, and learn how your hair grows, why it becomes prematurely grey, why it does not grow well, and why it falls out. The whole hair is produced by the multiplication of those growing cells which lie at the bottom and form its roots. They rest upon the little blood vessels which carry the blood from which the cells draw all their nourishment. You can easily see from this picture that when the harmful germs settle in those growing cells and go on multiplying they will injure the cells, which causes the hair to loosen and fall out, or become prematurely grey. If those germs are not checked they will in time quite destroy the cells, and as the roots would then be dead, it is clear no hair could ever grow from a dead root. Those germs must, then, be killed quickly, and the first and only remedy which does this is

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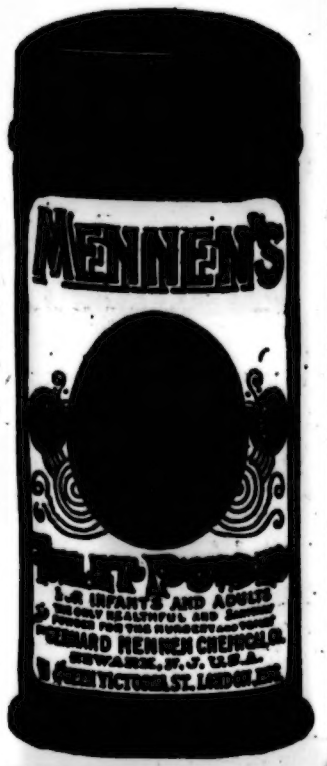

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